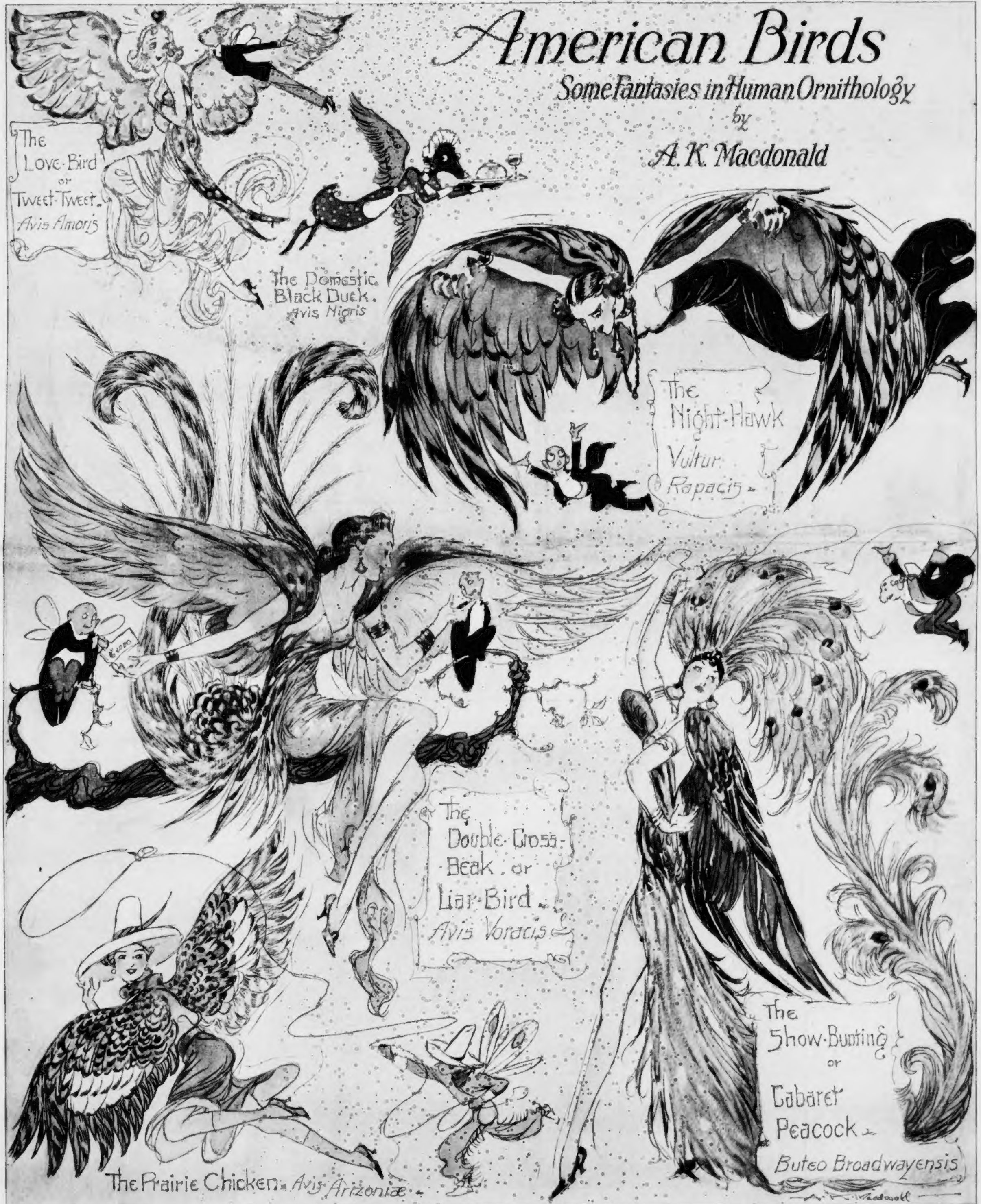
THE AMERICAN WEEKLY
Greatest Circulation in the World

"The Nation's Reading Habit"
Magazine Section—Boston Advertiser
Copyright, 1938, in the United States of America by American Weekly, Inc. All Rights Reserved Under International Copyright, Including Foreign Rights. Reproduction in Original, or in Translation Is Expressly Forbidden.
Sunday, April 17, 1938

American Birds

Some Fantasies in Human Ornithology

by
A. K. Macdonald


The Love-Bird or Tweet-Tweet. Avis Amoris
The Domestic Black Duck. Avis Nigris
The Night-Hawk Vultur Rapacis
The Double-Cross-Beak, or Liar-Bird. Avis Voracis
The Show-Bunting or Cabaret Peacock. Buteo Broadwayensis
The Prairie Chicken. Avis Arizoniæ

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY presents here for the first time in America, the work of the British artist, A. K. Macdonald. Mr. Macdonald's paintings appear regularly in the leading English and Continental periodicals, where his delicacy of line and the grace and elfin quality of his girls are much admired. Mr. Macdonald is a Scotsman and often works in serious mood, but the series of three pages which he has drawn especially for The American Weekly is in the somewhat frivolous and fantastic spirit of his most popular work. This week, in his second page, Mr. Macdonald has given his interpretation of American girls in terms of birds.

Made Dead Woman Talk Him Into Fortune

WHEN a ventriloquist marries his dummy, that's news. But when the dummy happens to be a dead woman, that's crime.

The room to which the magistrate of the little Anatolian village of Biga, Turkey, recently was called was almost dark. The twilight was falling and the registrar was closing up when a boy told him that he was wanted to perform a marriage ceremony at the house of Mrs. Koprulu. When he arrived there, only a small and heavily shaded lamp spread a faint glow in one corner. Far to the other side lay the invalid, whom the registrar knew to be the bride.

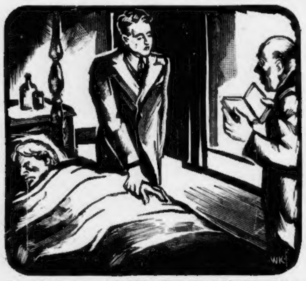
"My fiancee is not feeling very good," said the bridegroom, a young man of 30. "It was her wish that we should be married before it is too late. Please perform the ceremony as quickly as possible."

The registrar nodded. He, like everybody else in the village, knew for years about the love affair between Ahmed Djafek, a handsome but penniless fellow, and the 50-year-old widow, Mrs. Koprulu, the wealthiest woman in the neighborhood. To all appearances the two were very much in love, but for some reason the woman kept refusing to marry her gigolo.

He was known to have proposed to her several times, but always she rejected him with some trifling pretext, or put off her decision. Once she was pinned down to a definite date, but this she kept managing to postpone from year to year.

But now it was different. Mrs. Koprulu was dangerously ill—she was dying. Ahmed had tears in his eyes and begged the judge to get on with the ceremony. The registrar was not surprised. He knew that the two would be married some day. He was only sorry it should happen under such sad circumstances.

He hurried through the marriage rites. Even in the darkened room he could see how very pale and ill the woman looked, lying so still in bed. But to his question, "Will you, Fatima, take this man to be your wedded husband?" Mrs. Koprulu answered with a clear voice, "I will." The marriage completed, the registrar gave the couple their marriage certificate. Then he took his leave in respectful silence. The husband remained at the bedside of his sick wife. The magistrate decided that Djafek was a considerate young man, and that the marriage might work out very nicely if Mrs. Koprulu—now Mrs. Djafek—recovered.



When the Registrar Asked Mrs. Koprulu if She Would Take Djafek for Her Wedded Husband, He was Somewhat Surprised That the "Dying" Woman Had Such a Loud, Clear Voice.

On the following day Ahmed appeared at the magistrate's office greatly distraught. His voice was breaking with sobs.

"My wife died in the night," he lamented. This fact, which he deplored so loudly, meant that the young man was now the sole possessor of the fortune the former Mrs. Koprulu had left.

Police officers found something fishy about the case. Why had the woman so often rejected her lover's proposal for marriage when she was fit as a fiddle, yet so anxious to marry him on her death-bed? An investigation was started.

The revelations brought out were astonishing. First of all, a careful coroner's check showed that Mrs. Koprulu must have been dead at the time she was married by the local registrar.

A raid on the house of Ahmed during his absence revealed a mail order correspondence and a ventriloquist's outfit for amateurs. Apparently Ahmed had practiced for this situation for some time, for Mrs Koprulu's illness had been a long one.

As a matter of fact, so successful had Ahmed become at his voice-throwing that he convinced his landlady there were mice in the room even though she could not find them. "I heard them plain as day," she told the police.

That was all they wanted to know. Djafek was seized and a confession was dragged from him. He admitted that he was desperate when he realized that Mrs. Koprulu was dying. Since she would not marry him alive, he determined to marry her as soon as she could no longer prevent it. With this in mind, he went ahead with the voice-throwing lessons.

He had sacrificed years of his life to court Mrs. Koprulu, he said. And when she died without a will and without leaving him a penny, he was ready to do anything.

He was convinced she had left no will because in her feeble last moments he ransacked her home without finding one. Then he set the stage for his bold plan of appropriating the woman's money. The moment she died, he arranged her on pillows so that, in a dim light, she would look alive even though ill. Then he sent for the registrar with his tale about his fiancee's last wish, and so was duly married to the dead woman.

He knew that if only he could get away with it, he would be a rich man for the rest of his life. But it did not work out that way. The police found it all out, somewhat to the embarrassment of the judge and registrar, whose nose had thus been figuratively tweaked.

He had been tricked into believing himself to be a sympathetic aid to a romance, whereas actually he was the dupe in a clever plot. In no mood for any more sympathy, he decided to grant Djafek's desire for a safe and orderly future. The man who married a corpse in order to come into money will spend some time in prison.

The magistrate thinks there is a moral in it. "Don't trick those who are in a position to punish you if you're caught," he says.

Ahmed has nothing to say, even with his trick voice.

Why We Have More Murders Than Other Countries

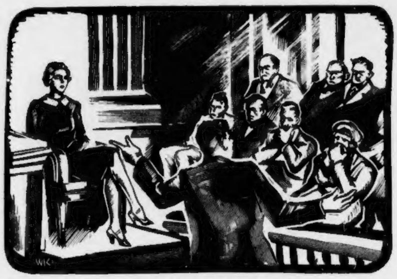
THERE are more people murdered in the United States every year than in any other country in the world. And more of them are murdered in Mississippi than in any other State of the Union.

Why?

Dr. R. N. Whitfield, Director of Vital Statistics of the Mississippi State Board of Health in the city of Jackson, asked himself that question. Unable to answer it offhand, he did not dismiss it with a shrug. He determined to look for the answer and if possible find a remedy. His sensible conclusions, recently published in the American Journal of Public Health, are being pondered by crime experts.

The primary fault of America's shameful murder record he believes to be the jury system, of which he asks the abolition. Too many juries spoil the peace, is his honest and interesting conviction, at least so far as homicide cases are concerned. Punishment, he indicates, is the greatest preventative for crime, and adds that punishment is exactly what the fuzzy-thinking and sentimental juries do not mete out.

"It is my honest conviction," he writes in the official journal of the American Public Health Association at Albany, New York, "that the Constitution should be amended so as to dispense with the jury system. If we had from three to five learned and upright judges to hear every case in law, the shyster lawyer would be doomed immediately, and justice would be executed with that swiftness and certainty which we all desire, and which will spell the end of fifty per cent of crime in the United States within two years."



Dr. Whitfield Blames the Astonishing Murder Rate in This Country on the Jury System, Which He Says Is Sentimental and Fuzzy-Thinking, and Whose Convictions Are Appealed in Nine Cases Out of Ten Anyway.

According to the startling evidence in Dr. Whitfield's report, the breaks have been better than 99 per cent with a Mississippi murderer facing the death penalty. This he contrasts with British figures which show that far less than 50 per cent of the killers who are caught in England stay alive.

He says it is true that crime has decreased in the United States of late, but the credit for this he enthusiastically gives to the "G-men," who dramatically eliminate the need for juries in the cases on which they work. Their record, he implies, just goes to show the uselessness and hopeless blundering of the jury system. In the Federal agency, red tape is cut short with a bullet.

The main reason that Dr. Whitfield suggests for doing away with juries is that no matter what they decide, the lawyers go over their heads. He says that nine cases out of ten, once a jury decides on them, are appealed to a higher court anyway.

Homicide might not at first seem to come into the province of a man whose business is with births and deaths. But, as Dr. Whitfield points out, homicide is a preventable cause of death, and therefore very much a subject for study by State Health Departments. There were more homicides in the United States during 1935 than the grand total of deaths from typhoid fever, paratyphoid, typhus, small-pox, scarlet fever and diphtheria. But the States are so indifferent to the disease of murder that out of twenty-eight, only "three or four of them could answer more than half" of the following questions:

What form of punishment was provided for murder? What percentage terminated in conviction? How many convictions appealed? What was the average length of time between the murder and carrying out the sentence? What was the average time served on a life sentence? What percentage pardoned or paroled?

In 1936, Vermont was the only State without a murder. Mississippi had a rate of more than 250 murders for every million persons. In a personal study made by Dr. Whitfield, it was found that in sixteen years, ending with 1931, Mississippi had more than 6,000 murders, with only one-third as many convictions, and 871 pardons. During the time that the population of the State went up thirteen per cent, homicides increased sixty-six per cent.

But the most fantastic fact of all was that out of 6,415 killers, 4,225 escaped all punishment; 2,190 received more or less punishment, and only sixty were hanged. That meant there was not even one chance in a hundred of getting it in the neck if a person committed murder.

The average sentence for manslaughter—when there was any sentence—was about nine years and eight months in jail. Of those who went to jail, 150 escaped or died; 330 were pardoned after serving three and one-half years, and thirty-seven went free under suspended sentences.

Of the murderers imprisoned for "life," exactly half were pardoned after serving an average of seven and one-half years in jail. Two hundred and ninety-seven escaped or died, and seventy-four more "lifers" went free under suspension. In short, only about one out of every ten "lifers" was still in jail at the close of the time.

Dr. Whitfield believes that if a "like study were made in every State in the Union, we should find similar consequences in a majority of them." For the fact of the matter is that the national figures on homicide are almost as disgraceful.

"The homicide rate in the United States is six and one-half times the rate in Canada, and twenty times the rate on the British Isles. The rate in Mississippi is sixty-four times the rate in England, Scotland and Wales."

The statistical report for England and Wales for 1935 is enlightening in the British way of handling these things, according to the report by Dr. Whitfield. "In 1935," he says, "there were known to the police eighty-seven cases of murder of 101 persons aged one year or over. Forty-one committed suicide rather than face the English courts; twenty-one were found insane—and I believe they were insane when so pronounced in England; one died while on remand. Eight were executed. The sentences of seven were commuted to penal servitude. Three were discharged at police court, and six were acquitted. Only nine of the eighty-seven charged with murder escaped."

American miscarriage of justice, says Dr. Whitfield, clearly is not the fault of the police. "Our laws are ample and sufficient. Our police apprehend at least ninety per cent of those suspected of crime, and yet with 10,000 homicides in the United States per year we have only about 170 legal executions. At least 2,000 murderers should be executed in the United States every year.

"There are too few convictions, too much 'sob-sister sentimentality,' too many pardons and suspensions; too much lax enforcement of laws against crimes that lead to killing, such as gambling, drunkenness, and carrying concealed weapons. There are too many delays, too many technicalities, too much archaic court procedure, too much dodging of jury service by intelligent citizens, and there are too many shyster lawyers engaged in the highly remunerative practice of defeating justice."

In defending his plan to do away with juries. Dr. Whitfield puts in a final and telling punch. "Practically ninety per cent, if not ninety-five per cent, of all murder convictions are appealed to the Supreme Court, anyway, so why is it not possible for from three to five judges to pass on the innocence or guilt of the accused in the county in which the deed was committed?"

Parrot's $11,000 Meal Costs Baby Her Nose

KATHLEEN PATRICIA NOONAN, nine days old, lay in a basinette on the back veranda of The Rest, a private hospital in Bathurst, near Sydney, Australia. The nurse in charge of the hospital was Taljula Mahoney and she was talking to her two parrots which sat on her arm. The bell rang at the front door, and she left the parrots.

One of the two New Guinea parrots took her counsel, to "behave himself" until she came back. The other one, however, found himself bored. This one, named "Bimbo," at last found something to do in the nurse's absence. He went out on the back porch and climbed up Baby Kathleen's crib. Her mother was sick in bed in another part of the hospital.

The nurse heard a wailing from upstairs. She ran up to find that the sharp-beaked bird had disfigured little Kathleen beyond recognition. The infant had most of her nose bitten off; she bled as if she would surely die, and three fingers were missing from her right hand. Her crib was gory. The hospital then became the scene of real emergency treatment. As a result, the baby lived, but for years she will have to carry her marks of injury. If the child grows to maturity she will not be able to face the world smiling, without plastic surgery. And even then she will always carry a scar on her face—not to mention her crippled hand.

When Kathleen's father heard about what happened, he lodged a court action against the nurse, asking for $25,000 damages for having allowed a "wild, fierce, and mischievous" parrot to wander around the hospital at will.

Nurse Mahoney said she didn't own the bird and denied that she was liable for what happened to the baby girl. Her lawyer went even further. He tried to show that the bites on the child's hands were made by a magpie and not by a parrot. The nurse insisted that the parrot was harmless. She added that a magpie was seen around the hospital at the time of the "accident."

But the testimony against her was, to say the least, damaging. Kathleen Elizabeth Noonan, who is the mother of the little girl, identified the parrot which she said she saw at the hospital. She testified that it was one of two which she'd seen sitting on Nurse Mahoney's arm. The nurse was also alleged to have said to a woman at the hospital, after the bird's human feast, "that damned bird, I never knew it to do anything like that before."

But what clinched the case was little Miss Noonan herself, who was brought in as evidence of the mutilation. The appearance of the pathetic youngster apparently decided the suit, for no less than $11,000 was awarded by the sympathetic jury in the Supreme Court, just the other day.

The jury was unusually foresighted, however, and after announcing its verdict, added a clause that the money could not be used for anything except medical and surgical aid to the child. Mr. Justice Maxwell said that this would be assured by the Public Trustee. He promised that the child and nobody else would benefit from the money.

The parrot was killed.

Not always are victims of birds even fortunate enough to get paid for being bitten. Thus, The American Weekly reported some time ago the unusual damage suit lodged for compensation in the case of Leonara Kingsley. The left eye of the four-year-old child was actually pecked out, in the yard of a relative, by a rooster. Yet in that case, the jury first brought in a verdict awarding only a dollar for the injury. But a retrial brought her $1,250.

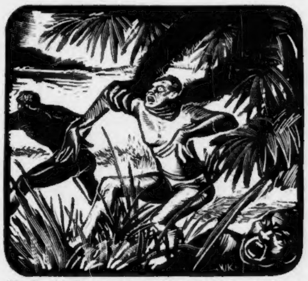
Nightmares Of The Jungle Not All Imagination

"DARKEST AFRICA" is often so described because of the hopeless credulity and superstition of native tribes. But there may be more truth in their terrors than the white foreigners have been ready to grant. That many of the fantastic jungle shapes and sounds which the blacks babble about really exist, is suggested by Captain W. Hichens, ex-official of the British intelligence and administrative services in East Africa. In a recent issue of the English magazine, "Discovery," he tells of personal adventures which convince him that the scared natives are likely to be right when common-sense says they are bound to be wrong.

There is, for instance, the Nandi bear, or kerit, a sort of monster half-man and half-gorilla, with a single flaring eye in the middle of its forehead and a peculiar howl that turns the marrow cold with terror. "That," explains Hichens, "is the kerit as terror sees it." But he says he has heard its howl and has joined in the hunts of white men for the monster.

It attacks only on dark, moonless nights, he says. It might be a lion or a leopard, except that it plunges through thorn shrubs as they never would. Its spoor is altogether different and unbelievable. Some say it's a hyena, but unlike hyenas, it lies in trees and reaches down a hairy paw to rip open the skulls of natives passing below. Some say it's an ape, but one answer is that apes don't kill men, another is that they don't make the hideous sound of these monsters. Yet, although only glimpses of it are caught, the beast kills men all the time.

Describing this and similar "mystery" jungle beasts, Captain Hichens expresses himself in a way to make the hair rise on one's skull. "In one's hunting camp, when the safari porters squat around the scrubwood fire at night," he writes, "they tell queer tales of these fearsome brutes; of the ndalawo, that grim, howling man-eater of the Uganda forests; of the mbilintu, a gigantic hippo-elephant of the Congo swamps; of the dreaded mngwa, that furry silent-padded purring lurker in the cocoanut-groves of the coast, of the lau and lukwata, monstrous beasts whose hideous calls are heard booming through the gray night-mists of the lakes. And someone is sure to set the whole camp peering fearfully into the shadows with a tale of that grim night in the Masai country, when the kerit, ravenous and awful, raided the sleeping-huts—under the very nose of the white man—and dragged away its shrieking victim. These tales lose nothing in the telling.



The English Explorer Found More Truth Than Fiction in the Fantastic Legends of East African Natives, and He Declares That Unnamed Monsters and Hairy Men Actually Prowl in the Jungle.

"The flickering flames of the campfire light up with furtive shadows the dark, mysterious wall of the surrounding bush; a slinking hyena moans dismally, or the sharp startling yap of an inquisitive jackal punctuates the story, while tipsy little komba, the galago, breaks in with cackling, insane cries from his hiding in some camp-side.

"The porters huddle closer to the fire; the white man casts a reassuring glance upon his guns and pours himself a chota peg—on such nights prowls kiret, the devil-beast of darkness.

"It would be easy to dismiss these stories as mere figments of the black man's night-terrors, born of ignorant superstition, or perhaps phantasms due to sitting too long over campfires and too near to a warm ntulu-beer pot. But that would be a rash conclusion. For these 'mystery' beasts, in some form or another, do exist; they prowl, they howl, they lurk, they leap, they kill.

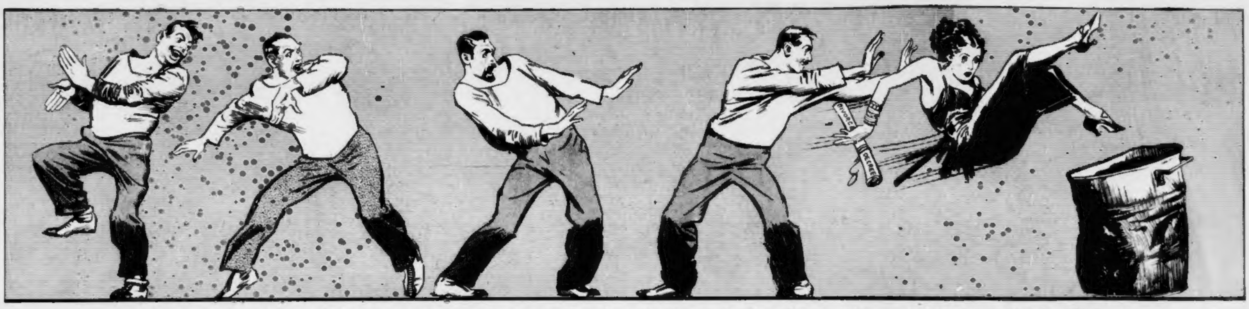
"So, although one may say that the horrible mngwa, as the fear-stricken natives of the coastal fishing-kraals describe it, must be a myth, there is no blinking the fact that a stretcher-load of clawed, mauled and mangled man dumped at one's tent door is no myth at all; and call it mngwa or what you will, the beast which attacked him is no myth either, but patently an animal of the kind which it is best to interview with the business end of a .450.

"Nor is the African native a fool in the ways of the bushveld and its beasts. He does not assert that a beast is an mngwa when any old woman in the kraal could tell by a glance at its spoor or by the way it attacked that it is a lion, a leopard or a hyena."

Most dreadful of all, says Hichens, is the mbilintu, the name of which means "the frightful unknown monster." It has a horse-like head, its hooves are toed and clawed, it is hairy and vicious. Lizards ten times as big as a crocodile, flying jackals, are also among the many weird creatures that have been reported. Like the okapi, which long was classed as the purest of myths, they are elusive customers. A roar, a howl, a shattering of kraal-poles, bellowing of oxen, screams of terror—the beast has come; the beast has gone.

Then there are the little furry men, such as the agogwe, that "lurk in the Ussure and Simbiti forests on the western side of the Wembare Plains. Some years ago," says the Englishman, "I was sent on an official lion-hunt to this area and, while waiting in a forest glade for a man-eater, I saw two small, brown furry creatures come from the dense forest on one side of the glade and disappear into the thickets on the other. They were like little men, about four feet high, walking upright, but clad in russet hair. The native hunter with me gaped in mingled fear and amazement. They were, he said, agogwe, the little furry men whom one is lucky to see once in a lifetime. I made desperate efforts to find them, but without avail in that well-nigh impenetrable forest. They may have been monkeys, but if so, they were no ordinary monkeys, nor baboons, nor colobus, nor Sykes, nor any other kind found in Tanganyika. Whatever they are, they are real and dangerous."

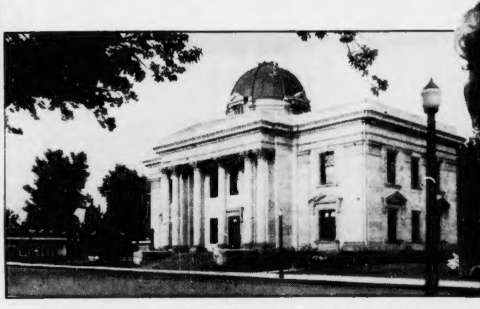
Persevering Mr. Robinson Vs. Wicked Reno



Reno—There the Divorce Devotee Discards Husband After Husband, but They Ought to Throw Her and Her Decrees in the Ashcan, Thinks Mr. Robinson—and That Is Probably What Soon Will Happen.

"A City Which Makes Marriage a Farce and Whose Populace Feeds Like Vermin on the Profits of Divorce," He Complains to a New York Court in His Determined Fight to Keep Funny Mr. Lahr From Entirely Prying Loose His Mildred From Him

Mildred and Bert, Just as Happy as Could Be at a New York Night Club.



The Court House at Reno—Divorce Mill of the Nation—Famous, or Infamous, as You Choose.

Mildred Schroeder Robinson, Heroine of About the Most Extraordinary Triangle Reno or Any Other Place Has Ever Known.

"RENO, a city where perjury and more perjury is the order of the day, a city where every effort is exerted to make the marriage institution seem like a farce, and where practically the entire populace feeds like vermin on profits from the divorce mill."

This picture of an American city living mostly on the profits of perjury, was painted before the Appellate Division of The Supreme Court of New York State by Joseph S. Robinson, a victim of the mill he describes. Besides pointing out how indifferent the Nevada divorce courts are to perjury, he reveals what happens to a defendant foolish enough to face a Reno judge and expose the farce.

Many defendants, of course, are only too glad to be rid of their partners, and those like Mr. Robinson, who are against divorce and feel that they have done no wrong but are merely being kicked out in favor of a love-thief, usually suffer in silence and even agree to the proceedings because they know they are helpless to stop it.

But Mr. Robinson's case is unusual in more than one way. In the first place, no victim perhaps has been so thoroughly exasperated. He has testified that almost from the first day of his marriage, the well-known comedian, Bert Lahr, strove to break up his home, and finally succeeded. Among other schemes he says that Lahr employed a private detective agency to shadow him constantly, in hopes of "getting something on him" which would force the husband to let his wife go without contest.

When this failed, he says lady operatives were sent to his office in the guise of clients, but all they did was try to vamp him into compromising situations. Though this and other tricks were in vain, he says that his rival was successful in alienating Mildred's affections, so that she did the usual thing in such cases, going to Reno, becoming a "permanent resident" and suing for divorce on the ground of extreme cruelty.

The results were not quite so simple as usual because Mr. Robinson happens to be a New York lawyer and therefore more conscious of his legal rights, or what they ought to be, than are most people. Infuriated by his wrongs he set lance in rest and like Don Quixote attacked not a wind-mill but the great divorce mill.

Laying the whole situation before the New York courts the lawyer-husband showed that he and his wife, Mildred Schroeder Robinson, were residents of the State, and that she had obviously run away to Reno to avoid the jurisdiction of the proper courts.

From two judges, Justice Charles J. Dodd and Justice John MacCrate, he obtained an injunction forbidding Mrs. Robinson from going on with the Reno proceedings. But Mrs. Robinson, ignoring this injunction from the New York courts, went right ahead, going through the prescribed motions and received her decree.

This might have been contempt of the New York courts, but safe enough if she had meant it when she testified that she had every intention of remaining a resident of Nevada indefinitely. She probably did mean it in the special Reno legal sense, of just long enough to get out by car, train or airplane. Still it would have been safe to have gone anywhere else in the world except her own State of New York, but that unfortunately was the one place she wanted to go.

To make this possible she had her lawyers ask a third New York judge, Justice May, to vacate that annoying injunction which she had defied. At first Justice May refused, but after permitting a re-argument, reversed himself and the two other judges. Mildred now could eat her cake and have it too. She was free to prance triumphantly back to Broadway.

The great Western mill had unhorsed the lone knight from the East, but he wasn't licked yet. He has appealed to a higher court, and even if he loses in the end, he has called the attention of the American people to their great divorce farce in words they are not likely to forget. In the matter of what happens to a divorce defendant who attempts to expose the perjury on which the whole mill is alleged to run, Mr. Robinson says:

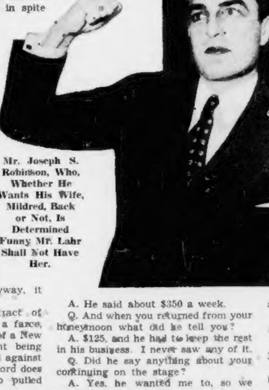
"It might be well to point out that your deponent (Robinson) discussed with a highly respected and learned lawyer, in the State of Nevada, the question of contesting the Reno divorce charges. There is an abundance of papers, documents and letters in the handwriting of Mrs. Robinson of more than sufficient weight to prove beyond reasonable doubt the falsity of her testimony.

"Nevertheless, your deponent was advised that the contest would be nothing more than an empty formality; that it is practically impossible for a defendant to win an action of this kind, no matter how overwhelming the proof was in his favor; further, that the granting of divorces in the City of Reno is a major industry, and that nobody in that community would do anything that would disturb the source of practically all revenue.

"Objections to the jurisdiction such as the mala fides of the plaintiff's residence, etc., must be taken by answer. The answer constitutes a general appearance. If the defendant loses out on his preliminary jurisdictionary question—and he always does—then that Very Honorable Court has gained jurisdiction over him in spite of his protests. A divorce is thereupon ground out no matter how facetious the allegations of the complaint may be."

One thing the Reno mill cannot do and does not attempt, is to impose alimony as long as the husband does not upset the automatic machinery by making a defense.

Any decree of a court obtained by fraud and perjury is unquestionably void. Yet, if all these Reno divorces should be declared void, the result would be to send all its divorcees back to their very first husbands, which might be more than some of them deserve—also, more than some of the first husbands deserve. Anyway, it would be sadly complicated.



Mr. Joseph S. Robinson, Who, Whether He Wants His Wife, Mildred, Back or Not, Is Determined Funny Mr. Lahr Shall Not Have Her.

The following is an abstract of what Mr. Robinson thinks is a farce, but which even the injunction of a New York court could not prevent being staged. The doors were closed against curious ears and eyes. The record does not state whether they also pulled down the shades.

John A. Morrow, manager of a local dude ranch, testified first that Mildred had put in the required minimum of time at his place, and was excused. The next and only other witness was the lady herself, who also swore that she had served the required time in the State. Then came the following questions and answers:

Q. When you came to Nevada was it your intention to make this place your home for an indefinite period?

A. Yes.

Q. And does that intention still remain with you?

A. Yes.

(After a few brief questions relating that the Robinsons were married, etc., they got down to business—the cruelty.)

Q. When did the cruelty begin?

A. Few days after the marriage.

Q. What did he say about the amount you would have to live on before you married him?

A. He said about $350 a week.

Q. And when you returned from your honeymoon what did he tell you?

A. $125, and he had to keep the rest in his business. I never saw any of it.

Q. Did he say anything about your continuing on the stage?

A. Yes, he wanted me to, so we would live as we had been accustomed to.

Q. And if you continued on the stage, would that have kept you away from the home most of the time?

A. Yes.

Q. And did you marry him to be on the stage or to be a housewife?

A. I married him to be a housewife.

Q. Did he like any of your friends?

A. He didn't like any of the people I liked on the stage, and he thought they were terribly illiterate.

(Here was money cruelty, inducing a girl to marry him on the expectation of having $350 a week to spend but only getting $125. Then there was social cruelty of calling her friends illiterates, presumably including Bert Lahr. To complete the prescribed Reno formula, there should also be evidence of physical cruelty, which was now brought out as follows:)

Q. And did this cause arguments?

A. Yes.

Q. And what did it culminate in?

A. He hit me and he swore at me, and he said he did not think I was fit to be his wife.

Q. Were you willing for a time that he should return?

A. Yes, hoping that he would do the right thing.

Q. Due to his conduct toward you, your health was impaired, was it?

A. I had to get a doctor and take injections because I had gotten so thin.

Q. Is everything stated in your complaint true?

A. Yes.

The Court: Miss Clerk, you may enter the order that the plaintiff be granted a decree of divorce from the defendant on the ground of extreme cruelty.

Among the documents which Mr. Robinson claims disprove this cruelty and show that it was all thought up after his wife reached Reno, he has made public the following parting letter from her:

"Dear Robby: I received the copy of 'Arnold Bennett's' and thanks much. Today I am checking out of the hotel and going away for a time. I really think it is for the best, and please do not feel bitter toward me.

"Robby, you have everything I admire in a man, but I could not find happiness with you. I took the $50 and paid the bill, which I am enclosing marked 'paid.' Good-bye and may God bless you and give you happiness.

"Sincerely, Mildred."

Mr. Robinson says he wonders if she took the fattening injections before or after writing that sweet letter.

One of the funniest exhibits shown in a long while is a report from the private detective agency which showed that Bert Lahr had paid $410.10 to have sleuths shadow Mr. Robinson during April, 1936, the *first* month of his marriage. No doubt he did nothing wrong, but, as far as those simple-minded souls are concerned, he might have been wandering around town committing murder, right and left.

Morning after morning these professional shadowers stationed themselves in front of the office building at 99 Wall Street to follow the lawyer when he came out. This they were able to do, as far as his first destination on the rare occasions when he took the subway. But usually Robinson took a cab, and since there was never but one there, the gum-shoe boys were left flat and beyond human aid.

Once they triumphantly trailed their man from his office to a lunch room nearby—and lost him. They explain innocently that the place had several entrances. An ordinary person, with no detective training would have gone into the lunch room, bought himself a glass of milk, kept his eye on his man and followed him out. But these professional, trained detectives, never thought of that. It was a great April Fool joke on Mr. Lahr, who must have laughed when he paid the bill.

Toadstool Homes for the "Human Elves"

PARIS.

IN the vast jungles of the French Cameroon of West Africa, an explorer leading his expedition northward from the Belgian Congo recently came upon a sight which caused him to rub his eyes and pinch himself to make sure that the intense heat wasn't causing him to see things. There before him, in a clearing, were a number of huge toadstool shaped houses some of which towered to a height of nearly a hundred feet.

"I stood there for a moment too astonished to move," he told a group of French ethnologists the other day. "I had a feeling rather similar to one which I believe an ant or kindred insect must experience when it looks up at a toadstool. I thought that I was in some sort of illustration in a children's book of fairy tales and if elves had peeped out from the queer shaped houses, I don't believe that I would have been a bit more surprised. By rare good fortune I had stumbled into the territory of the Bamileke, a tribe of Bantus who differ considerably from their relatives."

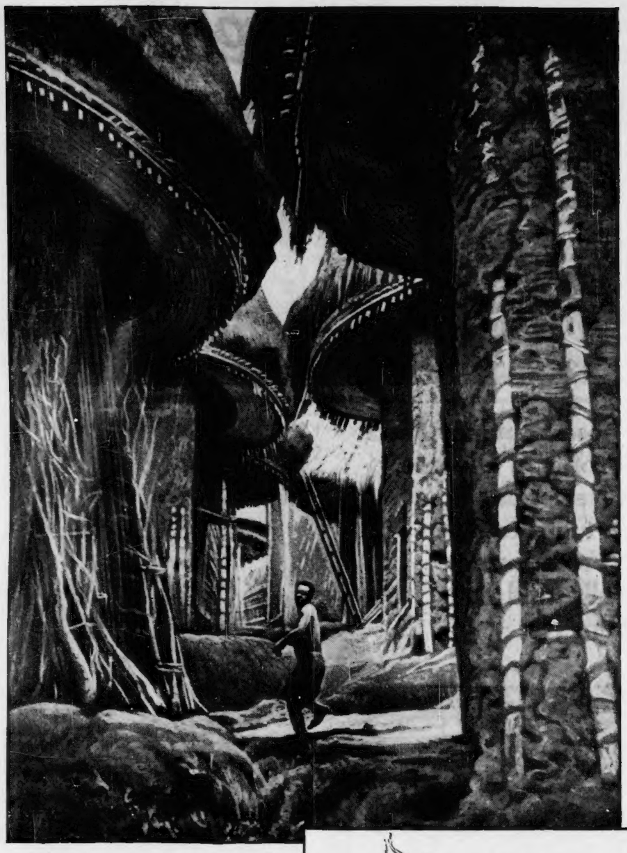
According to the French explorer who investigated the Bamileke and took the most unusual photograph at the left, the average Bantu contents himself with a small hut of bent sticks or poles covered with thatch or laced palm leaves. The huts are mostly beehive shaped but may be oval, square or oblong. They are generally built on the ground but where white ants are troublesome and in swampy districts they are erected on poles.

The Bamileke, he soon discovered, were distinctly individualists. Although they live in a clearing on hard ground and are not particularly bothered by ants, they prefer to make their toadstool houses lofty. The entrances, he found, are beautifully carved with human figures which are painted red and white. Their execution is much more artistic than the wood carvings of other Bantus in the Cameroon.

They proved to be a friendly but shy people and it took the explorer nearly a week of effort and many gifts to win their confidence. When this was accomplished, however, he found that the Bamileke, besides being artistic and unusual architects, were born joiners. They had more secret societies than the average college has fraternities.

"As a matter of fact," the explorer observed, "there was some sort of a secret organization for every one. The entire tribe from children to old men were divided into groups and clubs. There were societies for entertainment, worship, mutual assistance, banking and co-operative buying and selling.

"Some of the members of these secret orders even wore costumes which reminded me of the American Ku Klux Klan. They consisted of long white gowns and hoods, with grotesque masks and, in some cases, artificial beards."



In the French Cameroon, in Africa, the Bamileke Tribe Builds Towering Toadstool-shaped Houses That Look Like Something Out of a Fairy Tale. The Elves at the Right Might Feel at Home in the African Village With Its Queer Huts, Some of them Nearly 100 feet High.

Pretty "Loafers" Who Glorified Bread

AFTER taking one look at the huge loaf of bread shown in the accompanying picture, French bakers will have to look to their laurels.

Until recently the Left Bank of Paris, where people have big appetites and food is cheap, was noted, among other things, for the length of its loaves of bread. Many a Frenchman cycling home after business stopped off at a neighborhood bakery to buy a three or four-foot loaf of bread which he carried proudly and unwrapped on the handlebars of his bike, happy in the knowledge that he was winging homeward with plenty of the staff of life.

But the other day, when the Associated Bakers of America left their ovens behind to have a convention in Chicago, they brought along enough yeast, flour and poppy seed to bake a loaf of bread 10 feet in length and 50 pounds in weight. They might have made it even longer, they said, if they could have found an oven large enough.

At that, a few enthusiasts claimed that it might be advisable to rent one of the huge steel foundry ovens in nearby Gary, Indiana, to turn out an ingot of bread which would indisputably be the biggest in the world. The more conservative element pointed out, however, that they would base their claim to baking the longest loaf of bread in the world on the ten-footer. If any bakers dispute them, it's time enough to bake a bigger one.

This Loaf of Bread, One of the Biggest Ever Baked, Is 10 Feet Long and Weighs 50 Pounds. It Was the Convention Hit of a Bakers Recently Held in Chicago

ACME PHOTO

A Crippled Cat That Clubs Rats to Death

IN SPITE of her handicap, Curly, a cat with a wooden leg, is still a menace to every cat in the vicinity of a lumber camp near Chesuncook in the Moosehead Lake region of Maine. Danny Sexton, the camp cook, provided Curly with her peg leg after she was unfortunate enough to lose a foot in a steel trap set for small game. The ingenious rat-catching technique, however, was developed by Curly herself.

Several weeks ago, after the cat had her accident, Denny made an artificial foot of light pine which he fitted over the stump, attaching it with a small leather boot which was laced up. While this enabled Curly to get around all right, with scarcely a trace of a limp, the sympathetic lumberjacks believed that she would not amount to much as a ratter again. But the cat fooled them.

Hearing a loud commotion in the cook room one night, Danny piled out of his bunk, took a lantern and investigated. There was Curly holding a big rat with her good left paw and actually clubbing him with the artificial wooden foot. The foot was light, however, and the rat put up quite a fight. It took Curly nearly five minutes of pounding before she killed it.

"If Curly is going to club her rats to death," Danny said to himself, "what she needs is a real cudgel with some weight to it."

So he made a wooden mould, took a lot of tinfoil off the tea chests, melted it and poured a foot that just fitted over the tip of the wooden stump. Then he bored a hole through the lead and wood and thrust a nail through to hold it in place.

Realizing that this weight would be a handicap for Curly to wear all the time, he put the metal tip on only at night which is when most cat-rat battles take place. The very first night Curly was wearing her new shoe, Danny heard a commotion. He saw the cat grasp the rat and break the rodent's back with the weighted leg. And now every night she mews until Danny fastens on her bludgeon.

Tea for Two, Out in the Great Open Spaces

"PINKY" GIST, who runs a cattle ranch in Maricopa County, Arizona, has his choice of a lot of different pets. But "Pinky" who, in his time, has had dogs and cats, horses and rabbits, raccoons and canary birds to keep him company, insists that for real companionship there is nobody like "Freckles," a spotted mule.

The expression "as stubborn as a mule," "Pinky" says, is a base and unwarranted reflection on the intelligence, sobriety and good nature of that species of animal and anyone who has his doubts about it has only to watch "Freckles" at meal time.

The mule, according to the rancher has the manners of a dowager duchess when at the table. It sits politely on its own chair and observes most of the rules of etiquette which its owner has carefully taught it.

Besides that, "Pinky" points out, men in the great open spaces don't go in for a lot of conversation when relaxing and his companion never bores him with a lot of small talk.

"Pinky" Gist, a Rancher in Maricopa County, Arizona, Has Taught One of His Mules, Which He Calls "Freckles," to Sit at the Table With Him. The Pet Seems to Enjoy Taking His Oats and Hay in This Un-mulish Position.

Gales Go to Work for Public Health

LONDON.

ACCORDING to English meteorologists, William Shakespeare proved to be more of a prophet than he realized when he wrote, "'Tis an ill wind which blows no man good" in Henry VI. The wind has been blowing so lustily in England, they recently reported, that it blew billions of germs away and bettered the health of the entire country. And the scientists pointed to figures for national death rates during the first seven weeks of 1938 as compared with a similar period in 1937 to prove their point.

Deaths this year have been nearly one-fourth fewer than last year. No special absence of epidemics, unusual efforts of public health officials, improvement of national diet or any other similar factor can be discerned. Englishmen and Englishwomen simply have been healthier, a difference which shows up especially in the so-called respiratory diseases such as pneumonia, influenza and other serious diseases resulting from colds.

This might suggest to old-fashioned health experts an absence of drafts, but actually England in 1938 has been enormously more drafty than in 1937. Last year there was less wind than usual rather than more. This year, the seven weeks following New Year's Day were among the windiest ever recorded. One coastal gale reached a speed of 101 miles an hour. Another blew 96 miles an hour. Several exceeded 80 miles an hour.

Of the 49 days in the seven weeks concerned, 33 days recorded strong gales somewhere in England. In the center of a large country important removal of germs by wind is likely to be impossible. Germs that blow out of town in one direction are replaced by other germs that blow in from the opposite direction.

England, being a not-very large island, is different. No matter which direction the wind blows, many germs originating in London or other large cities are bound to be blown out of England altogether.

Using Movies to make Sharpshooters

FIRING at an inanimate target may perfect a peace officer's marksmanship but it doesn't show whether he would have beaten a gunman to the draw in a real exchange of bullets. In order to determine this and improve their speed as well as accuracy, the London police recently have adapted an ingenious device familiar to many American patrons of penny arcades who "shoot" at movies of wild game with a beam of light focused through the barrel of a rifle.

In the English version, a device the size and shape of a revolver is used and this is synchronized electrically to a small motion picture projector. Two identical films are used, one in the device and one in the projector. As the policeman takes his place on the range, a picture of a gunman with a pistol in his hand is suddenly flashed on the screen in front of him. Black dots the size of saucers on the image of the gunman mark his vulnerable spots.

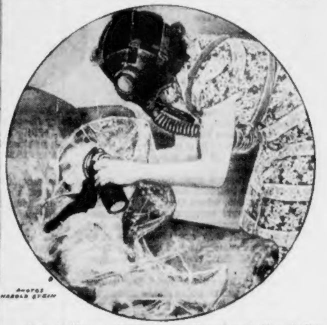
As the officer fires, the hammer of his own revolver falls on the duplicate film running through it at the same speed as the picture on the screen. If the hammer perforates the black dots, the policeman wins. Otherwise, he theoretically has been killed.

Anti-Gas Bags for the Next War's Babies

Gas Attacks Are Sudden and Disastrous, but in Most European Cities Sirens and Other Alarms Have Been Perfected to Give Civilians Seven Minutes' Warning.

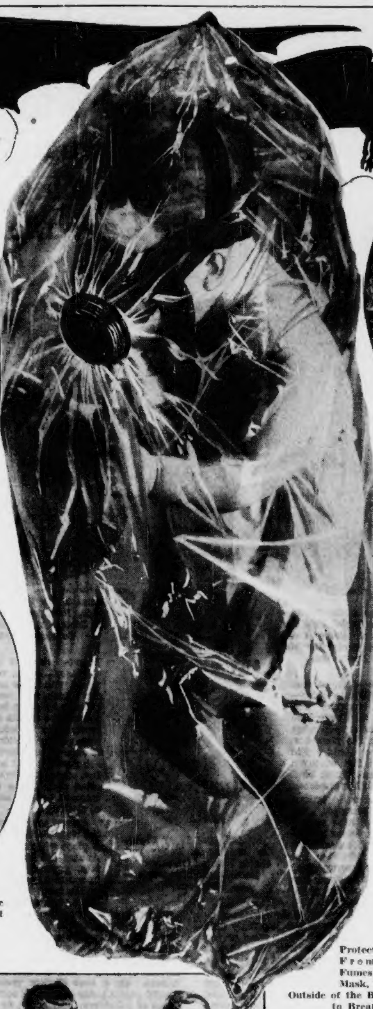
Mother Thinks of Baby First, Drops Her Knitting and Runs for His Protective Anti-Gas Suit.

Taking Out Baby's War Clothes, the Transparent Bag With Its Mask Attached. In Order That She Might Care Properly for Baby, Mother Protects Herself With Her Own Mask.



Baby Is Now in His Protective Transparent War Clothes, While Mother Is Carefully Adjusting His Mask.

Unlike the Air-Raid Baby Cart, the Cellophane Bag Permits Mother to Carry the Infant Around, and to Feed and Comfort Him.



On the Left: Baby Suit Composed of the Anti-Mustard Gas Cellophane Bag and Mask. The Transparent Material of the Bag Protects the Baby's Body From the Skin-Searing Fumes of the Gas While the Mask, With Its Snout on the Outside of the Bag, Permits the Baby to Breathe Pure Air.

European Children Playing in the Street Are Instructed in the Use of Gas Masks.

Humane Inventor Perfects a "Wrapped in Cellophane" Device to Protect Helpless Little Ones From the Burning, Strangling Fumes Death Will Rain Down From the Skies

THE important problem of protecting helpless little babies from poison gas in the next big war at last has been solved by Professor A. Klarenbeek, of the University of Utrecht, in Holland. A baby, instead of being isolated and practically out of reach in the usual glass-covered perambulator, will be wrapped in cellophane just like a loaf of bread, supplied with a tiny mask attached to the outside of this transparent bag, and in this simple costume may be carried in safety and cared for by its mother.

Professor Klarenbeek has just announced that after many laboratory tests with materials designed to protect infants' bodies from the deadly burning and strangling mustard gas, he has concluded that ordinary cellophane provides the best protection and advises the European governments to instruct mothers to provide themselves with these anti-gas bags, with zippers to enable them to wrap their babies in the quickest possible manner when an air raid alarm is sounded.

Heretofore many kinds of materials have been proposed and tested for safeguarding both soldiers and civilians against mustard gas. Among these have been rubberised cloth, heavy materials interwoven with asbestos fibers, fabrics treated with neutralizing chemicals—and many others. All have proved expensive and not very effective, but Professor Klarenbeek reveals that cellophane has unexpected properties, and these properties also are present in other materials made, like cellophane, from cellulose.

Mustard gas seeps through most materials very quickly and burns the skin, penetrates the muscles and even goes into the bones, as many World War veterans, still suffering in American hospitals from unhealed burns, can testify. But where cellophane is used, the gas, which is not really a gas but which looks like diluted molasses and forms a mist when it is exploded from shells, seeps through cellophane very slowly so that a baby inside a cellophane bag and equipped with a gas-mask, can survive unharmed for hours.

Until Professor Klarenbeek developed the anti-gas bag the problem concerning babies during air raids was what to do if the infant cried, or had to be fed, given medicine, lifted and carried from one point to another. British experts had devised the war-raid baby crib enclosed with glass, air-tight structural materials and provided with masks, but during gas-raid rehearsals this crib proved unsatisfactory. Mothers could not get to their babies to take them out under critical conditions. But in a flexible and portable cellophane bag the baby can easily be picked up, cuddled in its mother's arms and carried anywhere.

It has been estimated that when the next big war comes civilians in cities exposed to gas attacks will have only the narrow margin of seven minutes in which to take precautions. This limited amount of time has put into disfavor the plan in Paris to herd hundreds of persons into deep underground anti-gas chambers, and has brought wide approval of the British plan to make each private residence an actual refuge.

Recently an exhibition was held in London under the auspices of the air-raid authorities, and householders were advised to set aside one room in each house and to seal its doors and windows with adhesive paper tape. In this room were to be kept all the necessary materials for use during an air-raid, including fresh water, gas-masks, body protecting material, medical supplies, etc.

One problem that led to Professor Klarenbeek's recommendation of cellophane as a protection against mustard gas was the fact that in the mass production of gas-masks throughout Europe for men, women, dogs, horses and even pigeons, the masks mostly equipped with rubber or rubberized material would not remain efficient for more than a year because of the natural deterioration of the rubber.

While gas-mask manufacturers were solving this problem, Professor Klarenbeek began his tests with cellophane for use in emergencies when the rubber might become porous and of no protection. In the meanwhile the gas-mask makers found that the only way to render the masks which they might sell today efficient this time next year was to seal them in air-tight cans treated with inert nitrogen to check the decay of the rubber. Now in most European homes, in places of easy access, the masks are stored away in these cans to which are attached devices for unsealing them quickly.

It requires no extraordinary imagination to visualize what may happen in a civilian's home during the next war. Mrs. Marvin, for instance, is quietly knitting and singing to her baby boy when the quiet of the night is pierced by the wail of the siren. It is the alarm preceding a gas attack, and Mrs. Marvin knows that she has only seven minutes to protect herself and family. She glances anxiously at the baby in its rocking-chair, then hurries to the next room and calls her older children. These are well rehearsed and prepare at once the sealing of the improvised anti-gas chamber. Each older child rushes to the closet and unseals the gas-masks while mother takes out the cellophane wrapping for baby.

The child is quickly wrapped in this, the zipper pulled tight and the gas-mask swiftly adjusted to its face. Then the mother runs to the anti-gas room with her baby and the other children and waits there for an hour, possibly two or three, until the city lights go on and the army trucks, with their vaporizers hurling neutralizing chemicals into the air, pass, and the safety signal is sounded.

In most cases it would not even be necessary to turn off the house lights because the first rule of European cities when a gas-raid is threatened is to shut off the lights from a central point. When the lights are again turned on it is a signal that all is well. Even in peaceful Switzerland, governmental decrees concerning air-raid warnings demand that every light in the country be extinguished instantly when the raid alarm is sounded. Household attics have been ordered cleared of old furniture and other articles easily set on fire, because it is foreseen that the enemy will attempt to provide his own light with incendiary bombs.

Mustard gas is the most corrosive and terrible of all the deadly chemicals used in the last war. It is in liquid form to begin with and vaporizes to some extent. It also may be dispersed in the air in a kind of mist by the explosion of a shell or a bomb. As gas or mist, the chemical attacks the linings of the throat and lungs and causes a quick but by no means painless death, but the worst off of its victims are those who do not breathe the chemical but get it on their skin or into their eyes. Here the material acts like a slowly corrosive acid that nothing can neutralise. Bit by bit it burns its way into the flesh or organs, sometimes down to the bones. Such burns heal slowly or not at all, frequently causing mortal illness and often leaving as almost helpless cripples those victims it does not kill.

Experts believe that it will not be long before the underground chamber idea of refuge is discarded in favor of individual protection with cellophane and masks. Crowding thousands of persons into one of these underground vaults for an hour or so may be all right if the ventilating system pumping air through the equivalent of a giant gas-mask works and the high explosive bomb or aerial torpedo does not happen to open cracks in the vault through which the deadly gas can enter. Anything like that might cause hundreds or even thousands to perish at once, whereas if the civilians are scattered in their private anti-gas chambers at home, the likelihood of heavy casualties is minimized.

The possibilities of deadliness in the next war are not confined to fire, explosive and poison gases. Deadly disease germs are also expected to be used in any way that skilful biologists and bacteriologists can devise.

What kinds of germs enemies would use in wartime has been a matter of much scientific argument. Germs of typhoid fever often have been favored, but these have the military disadvantages that they would spread chiefly in milk or water, which liquids might be sterilized by boiling; another precaution which presumably everyone will have to take in wartime as a matter of course, just as everyone will be perpared to lock and seal one room in the household against poison gas.

Until recent weeks, the best authorities on the subject were reasonably confident that germ warfare would not be used because it would not be as effective as chemical warfare. The reason for this confidence is the ease with which most kinds of germs can be killed and the fact that healthy human bodies usually are able to resist germs anyway, so that only under exceptionally favorable circumstances would a real wartime epidemic be likely to start. It even has been felt that influenza, which did such terrible harm in all the Allied countries during the last war, would not be a really serious danger in the next war, because of the many facts now known about influenza and new ways of fighting it.

Recently this scientific optimism had a severe shock. Apparently without realizing how his discovery might be utilized in war and turned against his country by an unscrupulous enemy, a distinguished French bacteriologist, Prefessor Hyacinthe Vincent, announced to the Academy of Sciences in Paris a new method of making germs far more virulent and deadly than they have been before.

Professor Vincent's idea was as far as possible from one of warfare. He was trying to get germs of various kinds to grow in the bodies of animals, so that these animals could be used in the study of diseases and in devising cures for these same diseases in mankind. Many germs do not take hold easily in animal bodies. Especially virulent strains of these germs are necessary to infect the animal successfully.

To accomplish this, Professor Vincent devised a special technique in which ordinary germ cultures are buried in the animals' bodies, but are partly protected inside small glass tubes, so that only a few germs leak out of these tubes at a time. Provided with a continual small dose of these leaking germs, it is found that the animals are much more likely to take the infection.

So far, this is nothing alarming. What is much more so is that the germs thus bred in animal bodies by this method of protection and slow culture are found to be far more virulent than usual. What apparently happens is that the weaker germs of the original culture get killed off by the animal's machinery for germ defence. Only the stronger germs survive, producing a germ race much stronger and more deadly than before. It does not take much imagination to think of experts in enemy bacteriological laboratories chuckling with glee at this revelation, planning just how they will use Professor Vincent's method, when war comes, to breed vigorous and deadly varieties of the germs of plague, pneumonia or other diseases which can be scattered by air, perhaps without anyone realizing what the high-flying enemy aircraft have been about.

Whether or not it will be possible to scatter deadly germs made still more deadly by Professor Vincent's method or in some other way, Professor Haldane considers it certainly possible to scatter insects, such as millions of living lice infected with louse-borne germs such as those of typhus. It already is a well-known method to scatter millions of useful insects by airplanes over farms or orchards, in order that these insects may attack dangerous insects already at work on farmers' crops or trees. In wartime, the same methods could be used to scatter hordes of insects charged with death.

Man Not Woman, Used Cosmetics First

Odd, Interesting and Little Known Facts About the Ancient Art of Beautification and What Has Happened to It Through the Ages Beginning With the Cave Man

Bust of Queen Nefertiti of Egypt, 1370 B. C., With Penciled Eyebrows, Darkened Eyelids and Painted Lips.

Oldest Powder Box in the World—an Ivory Container Which Held Red Chalk With Which Some Cave-Woman in Moravia "Fixed Up" Her Face 15,000 Years Ago.

Quaint Carved Ivory Figurine Holding a Rouge Pot Which Was an Ornament of Some Megiddo Beauty's Boudoir.

PHOTOS-THE ORIENTAL INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO

Cosmetic Jar Recently Found at Megiddo, Palestine, the Armageddon of the Bible, Used by Some Lady of the Fourteenth Century B. C.

Away Back in Ur of the Chaldees, 5,000 Years Ago, Queen Shub-ad Painted Her Eyebrows and Eyelids and Put Big Circles Around Her Eyes, and She Also Painted Her Lips. Reconstruction of the Head of Queen Shub-ad, From Skull Bones and Carvings.

By VIRGINIA S. EIFERT.

Research Expert and Contributor to Natural History, Official Magazine of the American Museum of Natural History, New York.

AFTER ten years of intense work an expedition of the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago has discovered gold and ivory treasures which belonged to the ancient prince of Megiddo, the Armageddon of the Bible, in Palestine. Among these priceless objects, which were recently exhibited at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, are cosmetic jars, combs, gold-mounted containers and other paraphernalia used to hold ingredients for the beautification of the ladies of the court of Megiddo.

All these objects were discovered under the floor of the bedroom suite of the princely palace of Megiddo, where they were probably hidden by servants before the fall of Armageddon and forgotten. Of Egyptian and Phoenician origin they are believed to have been gifts from some rulers of Egypt or Tyre. It is estimated that these gifts are about 3,500 years old.

It has been known for years that many centuries ago women began using cosmetics for making themselves more beautiful, and that not even the beauty shops of today are new. They existed back in Bible times, and long before that. In fact, nobody seems to know or to be able to find out just when women—and men, too, started out to enhance the appearance of their skin, eyes, hair, lips, and even their fingernails and toenails. Scientists agree that the cave man, not woman, used cosmetics first—in the form of a sort of greasy cold cream to keep his body supple.

Far back in some dim, undated period the Cave Age woman probably was too busy defending her children and her cave to think much about self-beautification. Her mate, when he greased his body with animal fats to keep his skin supple in summer and warm in winter, probably was the first to use a primitive form of cold cream. When grease and hematite—decayed iron ore of a red-brown color—were mixed together and smeared on his body, the Cave man came upon what was perhaps the first cosmetic in the world. For beautification the woman may later have thrust bird-bones through her ear-lobes.

Since those very earliest of beauty attempts, uncivilized tribes have always decorated themselves in curious ways. Africa, with its many and varied tribes, has had a greater assortment of weird beauty styles than any other country on the globe. Henna, an orange-red dye plant which, when applied to the African complexion, produced purple, was popularly used by women of Central Africa to color fingers and toes. Indigo dyed the hair blue; various plants produced yellow, blue, and purple teeth. Both men and women in the Kaffir country, to make themselves blend with the natural hue of the region, covered themselves with oil and red clay. Butter, soot, and lemon-scented leaves were beauty aids to Hottentot women. Many women plastered butter in their hair, while others became the duck-billed women of the modern circus. Many tribes in Africa applied white paint in garish circles and patches.

Throughout Africa, sacrification as a beautifier was popular. Slits made in the skin and filled with clay made raised scars which were considered enviable beauty assets among both men and women.

Tattooing as a custom has been in use throughout the world. In the South Sea Islands, where it may have originated, ashes of coconut mixed with water made a blue dye which was inserted into the skin by sharp bone instruments—the results of this excruciatingly painful process were rightly considered a sign of manhood and fortitude. The art grew in skill and perfection among the Orientals, who often permitted a beautifully tattooed body to serve in lieu of clothing.

Among the savage tribes in the New World, cosmetics had a place of great importance. Among the Mayans and Aztecs, greasing the body was in common use. Holes drilled in the teeth were filled with bits of turquois and jade, and brilliant dyes were applied to the face and breast of every warrior. Tattooing, as in the South Seas, was popular among the ancient Mexicans.

Body painting, rather than tattooing, had especial meaning among the North American Indians. On a base of deer grease, braves applied paints made of mineral salts and the juices of pokeberry, blackberry, or mulberry. Decayed hematite ore, the same substance used by the Cro-Magnons and Cave Dwellers, was also used, and when mixed with grease made an attractive red-brown rouge which heightened the copper complexions of the American Indians.

Although surrounded by savage Africa, the people of Egypt, even as early as 3,500 B. C., were far from a state of savagery. Culture and cosmetics flourished 5,500 years ago beside the Nile. Beauty aids buried with the nobility furnish clues as to what was necessary for beautification in the land of Egypt.

These traditional cosmetics grew in use as the centuries passed, so that when Cleopatra was Queen of Egypt, Egyptian cosmetics were at their height. Although Cleopatra, in modern opinion, was not really a beauty, she used cosmetics and grew lovely enough to ensnare even the callous Caesar, who came for conquest and stayed to love.

Her eyes, after the custom of the land, were highly decorated with a dark mineral substance known later as antimony, but called by the Egyptians "kohl." Kohl apparently had darkened the eye-area of nearly every lady in Egypt for about four thousand years. Henna mixed with thick, fatty ingredients made a pomade which was used by Cleopatra to color her fingernails and toenails, her breasts, the palms of her hands, and soles of her feet. She used a grease-rouge on her lips and cheeks; used costly creams to refine her skin; she used a different perfume for every part of her body. She used very little face powder, for this product was almost non-existent in Egypt, but she bathed several times every day and followed each bath with olive oil and scented unguents.

Cleopatra may have worn a wig, for wigs at that time were in common use. To prevent her own hair from falling or graying, the priests, who alone knew the secrets of compounding cosmetics and beauty aids, produced an antidote composed of tortoise shell pounded, boiled and mixed with hippopotamus fat.

Cleopatra's mirror was one of her most priceless possessions; it reflected on its polished bronze surface a face which has been remembered by the world for two thousand years.

Northeast of Egypt the people of Babylon and Persia were ardent users of cosmetics. Greece, too, acquiring them at an early date, originated the word "Kosmeo," meaning "I adorn," from which the word "cosmetic" is derived. One of the most famous of Greek women—Helen, the Trojan bone-of-contention—was a blonde, but today one cannot tell whether she was a blonde by birth or by choice. In ancient times Greece was possessed with a craze for blondes. Men and women went through strange rites and applied queer bleaches in order to have golden hair.

It was after Roman conquerors unwittingly captured certain Greek beauticians, that the Roman women became beauty conscious. As in Greece, the rage for blondes was paramount, and the Romans, not to be outdone, sent hunters into the wilds of Germany to cut off blonde tresses of the flaxen-haired Germans. Hair by the bale was brought back to Rome and complacently made into wigs for brunet Romans.

Poppaea, Queen of Rome and wife of the self-indulgent Nero, employed one hundred slaves for the purpose of beautifying her face and figure. When each day's labor was finished, Poppaea's complexion was a mass of Egyptian kohl, Italian chalk, and Grecian red and white lead which could not be exposed to wind, rain, or sun without marring its perfection. Even her expressions were limited to those which would not crack the enamel. She could neither laugh nor weep, nor could she have a tantrum without wrecking the beauty which had cost her many hours of discomfort.

While cosmetics in Egypt, Rome, and Greece were growing in use, the Far East had been using them since its own civilization began. A face powder made of pulverized marble, rice flour, and borax was a doubtfully safe face-whitener used by Chinese women. The Japanese made a powder of boiled rice which was fermented, dried, and rolled to a flour. Perspiration had a disastrous effect upon this powder; moisture caused it to cake and draw the skin. With faces whitened and glaringly rouged, and with eyebrows thinned to mere expressionless lines, the Oriental ladies were as much alike as so many bamboo shoots. Some, however, in order to assert their individuality, gilded their lower lips or blackened their teeth.

When the crusaders rode to the Orient, they invaded the harems and brought back to Europe as souvenirs certain cosmetics and toilet articles which immediately won favor. Thus, cosmetics in England, Spain, and France grew in great leaps as women for the first time discovered the values of beautification.

In 1385 fashion went berserk and decreed that ladies should have their eye-brows plucked and their hair shaved high up the back of their heads. As in ancient Rome and Greece, blonde hair was to be preferred, and any means was permissible to obtain it. Saffron was a popular method of yellowing the hair. With her blonde braids, her pink and white skin, her blue eyes, her tiny mouth, and her air of helpless femininity, the Feudal maid was about as useful and resourceful as a nosegay of pansies. Her beauty nevertheless sent men forth to do or die merely for the pleasure of kissing her glove.

Beauty aids, not much improved over the early Feudal kinds, continued in use for several centuries. In the 16th century when Elizabeth ascended the throne of England, she was a firm believer in the use of cosmetics. Later, when she wore a new red wig to take the place of her permaturely thining locks, her sallow skin more than ever before demanded embellishment. Because red hair became all the rage, and because the red was so brilliant, faces had to be highly painted to offset its color. The craze for red hair sent forth the ladies with scissors and determination to attack children and invalids in order to obtain the coveted tresses. Even red-haired corpses were shorn—it was a time of extremity in dress and cosmetic style.

Elizabeth believed that to have a fine complexion one should take a very hot bath and

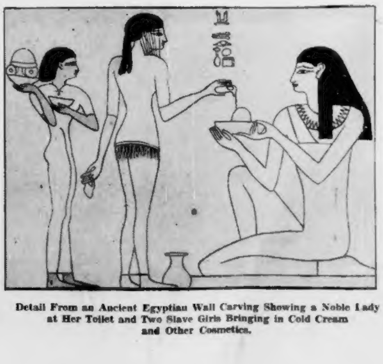
(Continued on Page 19)

The Savage Witch Doctor in the Jungle and the Modern Flapper Employ Much the Same Methods of Decorations, Although the Patterns Are Different.

Tattooing Was the Cosmetic of the Old Maoris and Their Faces Were Made Up Wonderfully, as This Picture Shows.

KEYSTONE

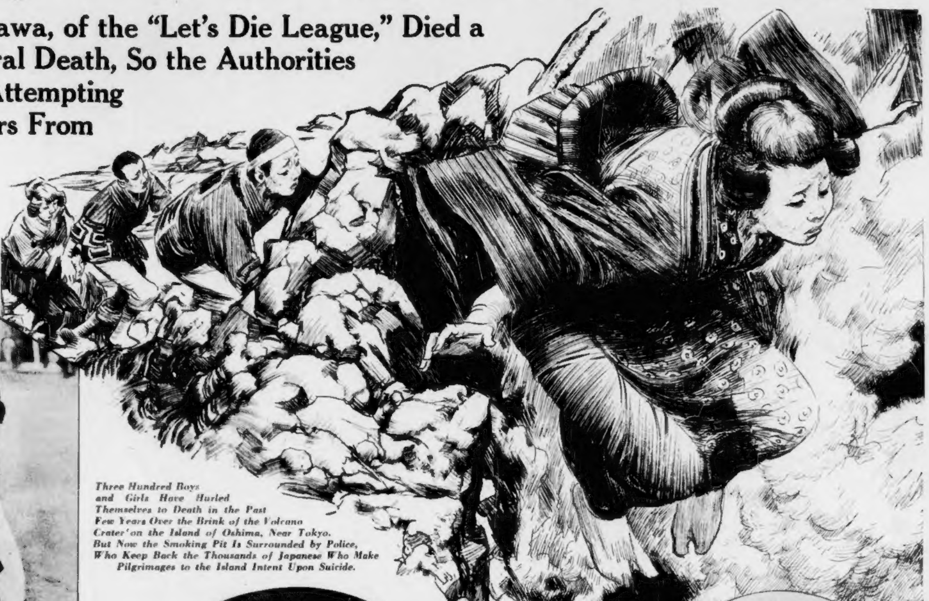
Instead of Painting Her Cheeks, the Long-Necked Burmese Girls Tattoo Mustaches on Their Upper Lips.



Detail From an Ancient Egyptian Wall Carving Showing a Noble Lady at Her Toilet and Two Slave Girls Bringing in Cold Cream and Other Cosmetics.

Japan Trying to Curb Its Weird Suicide Clubs

Honorable President Egawa, of the "Let's Die League," Died a Disappointingly Natural Death, So the Authorities Have Their Hands Full Attempting to Prevent His Followers From Committing Hara-Kiri to Atone for His Carelessness



Three Hundred Boys and Girls Have Hurled Themselves to Death in the Past Few Years Over the Brink of the Volcano Crater on the Island of Oshima, Near Tokyo. But Now the Smoking Pit Is Surrounded by Police, Who Keep Back the Thousands of Japanese Who Make Pilgrimages to the Island Intent Upon Suicide.

The "Let's Die League" Protests, Among Other Things, the Westernization of Native Women, and Views With Shame the Adoption of Such Costumes as These "Sinful" Girls Are Wearing on Tokyo's Fifth Avenue, the Ginza.

TOKYO, April 2

"I SMELL blood," said an alert little nurse beside the deathbed of Chuji Egawa, president and founder of the Japanese suicide club, the "Let's Die League."

"I wish you did," whispered the dying man faintly and then closed his eyes forever.

The nurse looked hastily around the hospital room and her eyes told her that her nose must be mistaken. Then she called a doctor who pronounced the patient dead from natural causes, tuberculosis.

As soon as the doctor said that, two policemen, sitting by the bed, arose and on their way out gravely saluted a group of five friends of the dead man, three standing and two sitting, all with stony faces, at the other end of the room.

"Saionara!" said the police.

"Saionara!" answered the friends.

The two policemen had been stationed there to make sure that the president of the suicide club did not commit suicide and they were thankful that their task was completed successfully. It was a disgrace and humiliation to the man who had just died peacefully, but much more so to his followers because they had failed to smuggle in the little ceremonial dagger by which the dying man could have performed hara-kiri, properly.

The five friends, all members of the deceased's suicide league, remained strangely silent and motionless as a screen was placed around the death bed and other things were done.

"I smell blood! Where is it?" The same nurse was speaking again. "Hush! What's that?" she added. In the silence that followed was heard:

"Drip. Drip. Drip."

The sound came from the little group of stolid faced mourners. Looking behind the three standing men, the nurse saw behind them, two sitting on little sanitary white stools, their backs braced against the wall. Each had the pallor of death on his face and each had his hands folded in his derby hat in his lap. From one of the hats blood was overflowing onto the floor.

The two were rushed to the operating room and the gashed wrists were stopped from bleeding, but it was too late. The police had searched all visitors for anything in the way of a knife but these two had brought in thin, jagged strips of metal from a tin can hidden in the sweat bands of their hats. It was remembered that the pair had wished to squat on the floor, as Japanese do and been quite annoyed when forced by hospital rules to sit on the stools.

This was not hara-kiri nor even any of the recognized less-formal kinds of ceremonial suicide. But the situation of the president of the suicide club dying in that way was so mortifying that some sort of gesture had to be made and this was the best that could be managed under the circumstances.

A Miss Chise Emai came to the hospital, viewed the remains of the president of her League and the two who had killed themselves, picked up one of the two little strips of tin and walked out with a face as expressionless as that of a Japanese doll. A little later the ambulance brought her back, dying. She had slashed her wrists, in the same way and with the same bit of tin.

When the police heard that Masuo Aoki, a wealthy friend of Egawa, had visited the hospital they decided to send a man to his home. But Masuo Aoki did not go home. Instead he went into a warehouse owned by a friend who let him have a whole loft to himself.

Next day the warehouse owner called the police who found that Aoki had committed hara-kiri in the highest-class and most flawless manner possible. He had not only clothed himself just right and after making exactly the prescribed cuts in his abdomen, fallen forward but it had been done on a sky-blue mattress, surrounded by pure white curtains.

Had it been a pleasant day, the act should have been done outdoors, preferably in a garden, but it rained that day, which made the indoor ceremony proper.

The "Let's Die" or suicide league is only one manifestation of a steadily-growing plague of self-destruction which has been worrying the Japanese Government for many years. The police have orders to prevent suicides wherever possible but they must neither arrest a person who attempts it nor in any other way treat him as a dishonorable breaker of the law.

The "honorable death" has been honorable for some 2,000 years and to call it wrong would demoralize the populace. Even the Mikados, those "sons of heaven," have not only approved hara-kiri but tacitly commanded it by sending to those who needed the hint, a short sword, wrapped in rice paper.

This respectful attitude toward what they must prevent makes it hard for the police but this is somewhat offset by the fact that suicide does not count unless it is done just right, which calls for so much care and preparation that the police frequently have ample time to intervene.

The "Let's Die League" was first heard of in 1933 when government agents discovered a plot to assassinate a number of Buddhist priests and government officials and to destroy certain temples in Tokyo. Though 28 people were arrested and questioned they were finally all released but kept under surveillance. Realizing that their plot was frustrated, the conspirators organized themselves into a suicide club resolved to take their lives in such a way that it would call public attention to the things of which they disapproved.

In Their Efforts to Abate the Suicides, Japanese Officials Are Banning Plays Based on the Self-Destruction Theme. In This Scene the Outcast Heroine Sets Out to Kill Her Children and Then Herself.

This is a very effective method in the Orient. A man may go around denouncing something or somebody until he dies of old age and most people will think he is just another politician. But, if after the denunciation, he commits hara-kiri they are sure he was honest about it.

On February 17, 1937, the suicide club made its first demonstration, five members appearing in different parts of the city carrying banners and passing out hand bills. The banners read:

"Let's die. We have deserted parents, parted from brothers and sisters, abandoned our wives and children, left home and sacrificed everything dear to life. Now let's fight. Now let's die."

One paraded in front of the Tokyo police headquarters, another in front of the foreign minister's residence, a third on the steps of the Parliament Building and a fourth at the entrance to the Emperor's palace. The fifth stalked through the corridors of the Home Ministry Building.

At a prearranged moment, all five whipped out the traditional little daggers and plunged them into their abdomens. But they evidently had not realized that hara-kiri requires privacy or at least spectators who will not interfere. The crowds meddled with the proceedings, some trying to prevent, some trying to assist and still others confusing them by shouting that they were doing it all wrong anyhow.

So great was the confusion that the police got to all of them before more damage had been done than the hospital surgeons could repair, and they all got well. The man who was parading in the Home Ministry Building, seeing the police coming, fled to a wash room and locked the door, only to find he had dropped his dagger on the way.

All of this naturally caused the wildest excitement throughout Tokyo and other members of the sect soon heard of the failure. Meanwhile, special detachments of police were scurrying all over the imperial city, searching for other known members of the sect. Most of them were promptly rounded up before they had time to kill themselves.

Eight members, three of them women, helped themselves to a small fishing boat and put to sea, thinking that there they would have all the time and privacy they needed. They were not good sailors and the crazy behavior of the boat attracted the attention of the harbor police launch.

This drew alongside just as everything was about ready for the act but the police saw at once what was up and knew a way to upset it. Getting in the sailboat's way, they forced it to roll in the trough of the sea. This meant that the would-be suicides, after disembowelling themselves were as likely to fall backwards as forwards and then probably to roll all over the deck, which would spoil everything. The police did not have to argue very long before seasickness, on top of the fish smell, came to their aid and the unhappy eight permitted themselves to be towed back to town.

On Right—Mrs. Kiyoichi Inoue, the 21-Year-Old Wife of an Army Lieutenant, Who Stabbed Herself to Death the Other Day So That Her Husband Would Have Nothing Else but the War in China to Worry About.

Boys and girls thwarted in love, had been jumping hand-in-hand into the volcano of Mihara on the island of Oshima, near Tokyo, for a long time, but in 1937 the stream of jumpers had become so large that numerous guards were stationed around the crater, making suicide almost impossible. When this became generally known the attempts stopped and after a while it was found possible to withdraw the guards.

The "Let's Die League" discovered the unguarded condition and in two weeks enough had jumped down Mihara's fiery throat so it had to be patrolled more carefully than ever.

President Egawa suffered from tuberculosis but was indifferent to the ravages of the disease because he was bent on death anyhow and merely waiting for a worthy occasion. But the other day he fainted on the street and recovered consciousness in a hospital where to his consternation they informed him that he was dying. And die he did from natural causes, in spite of the best efforts of his followers to have him kill himself.

To shoot one's self with a pistol was until recently, considered a dog's death, but now a special dispensation has raised this once shameful death to the equal of hara-kiri for military aviators only. Japanese war flyers always carry the little dagger handy but if a plane is shot down there may be no time to use it or do anything but put a bullet through his head, which therefore has been declared officially just as honorable, under such circumstances.

A whole new crop of suicides has come with Japan's two latest wars. Major Kozo Furukawa blamed himself for the loss of four of his men and, not feeling worthy of an honorable death, hanged himself. Sub-lieutenant Watanabe, finding himself and his 50 men surrounded, committed hara-kiri and all his men followed his example.

Not long ago, Mrs. Kiyoichi Inoue, the 21-year-old bride of an army lieutenant, decided her young husband couldn't devote his entire attention to killing Chinese as long as he had her on his mind. So she wrote him a pretty letter telling him to be a loyal and efficient soldier and not worry any more about her future because there wouldn't be any—in this world. Then she stabbed herself to death.

Capt. Minoru Yasuda reported as killed a Chinese bandit who proved to be very much alive. For this error he returned to Japan and committed hara-kiri on his father's grave. That was not quite enough so his wife took their young child in her arms and jumped under the wheels of a railroad train. Nobody connected with the bombing and sinking of the U. S. gunboat Panay, however, has thought that error important enough to kill himself over.

"Sympathetic casualties" is the name given to a special type of war-suicides which was started by Tomiko Tomihato, a 22-year-old daughter of a farmer, who killed herself to join the spirit of her sweetheart as soon as she received the report of his death in China. This started such a following among other sweethearts and widows that the government is putting out vigorous propaganda to persuade the bereaved women that it is more patriotic to live, marry some other man and produce sons to become soldiers for Japan.

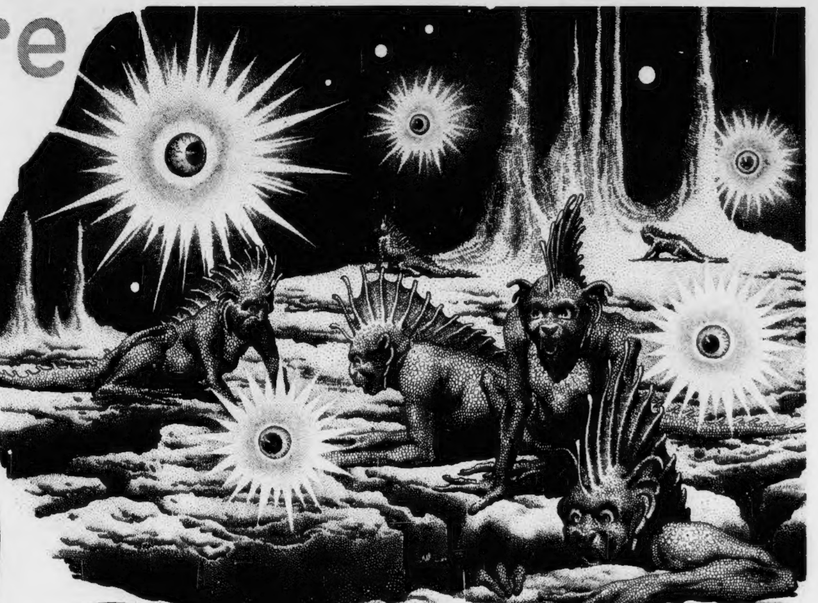
There are also "sympathetic casualties" among men who are rejected as physically unfit for military service, and with hara-kiri feel they are dying symbolically for their country. Men who have fought but are now too old, are taking their lives by the "honorable death" as an example to young men at the front so they won't be fussy about being killed in China.

Still other men have removed themselves from the earth so they can will their life-savings to Japan's war chest, though sometimes this may leave wife or children penniless. But that is all right from the Japanese point of view because they too can commit suicide.

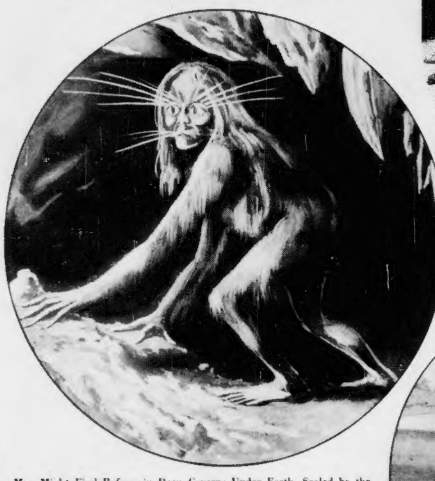
Ark of Fire

by John Hawkins

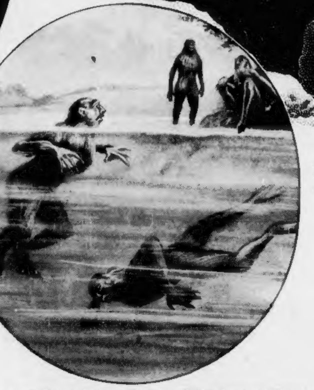
A Story of the Year 1980---And the Warped Genius Who Decided to Wipe Out War, Crime and Disease by a Flood of Solar Flame



"He had heard some great biologist say there might be life even on burning Mercury—so close to the sun; strange salamander creatures, maybe even partly human in shape which crept out of the fissures and basked in those fiery rays under which the surface of earth and all on it would shrivel . . ."



Men Might Find Refuge in Deep Caverns Under Earth, Sealed by the Solar Fire Though They Might Be, and Arrive at the Stage Shown Above by Professor Rene Thevenin, Distinguished French Scientist.



Some Men May Escape the Solar Flames in Hidden Protected Waters and Adapt Themselves to an Aquatic Life, Which Professor Thevenin Has Pictured in This Imaginative Drawing.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY continues this week the most extraordinary novel of scientific fiction since H. G. Wells' famous "War of the Worlds." According to the Bible, Jehovah once washed the world free of war and wickedness by a deluge of water that covered the earth and destroyed all except Noah and the others on the Ark.

In this remarkable story a warped genius conceives the idea of burning the earth free of war and all wickedness by shifting its orbit close to the sun and then back again. His Ark is a vast underground city with its thousands of picked inhabitants, animals, seeds, plants, etc., for repopulating the earth after its bath of flame.

For those who missed the preceding chapters of this fascinating story a synopsis will be found at the end of this installment.

CHAPTER VII.

Havoc.

ALPHA DE SPAIN sat in the deep chair at the head of the long, low table. He was leaning forward, chin propped in cupped hands.

Six of the twelve chairs along the length of the table were filled. Hill, O'Day and Borsi were standing near the arched doorway. Theta De Spain watched, from a chair behind her father's.

"O'Day," De Spain purred, "your report, please."

"Yes, sir." O'Day took two steps forward. "I was in the air when the radio message was broadcast at 6:24. I changed my course, and went to the Helena airport. I found Steven Hill there, in the Communications Office. The other ships arrived there almost at once. We returned here."

A warning light flickered in De Spain's eyes. "Had he made contact with anyone?"

O'Day shook his head. "No, sir. I checked with the operator to be sure."

"That's all." De Spain straightened. "Now, Mr. Borsi, your reason for being late for your 6:11 flight, please."

Hill's eyes swept the table as Borsi stepped forward. Six of the Twelve were there. Six of the dozen men who were to rule the new world. De Spain's eyes glowed green under lowered lids, and Theta's oval face was sober.

"I was two seconds late, sir," Borsi was saying. "I arrived just as the elevator door was closing. By the time I could get to the surface my ship was gone."

"So? You were two seconds late. If I were you, Mr. Borsi, I would listen more closely to the orders. The time mentioned in them is the time meant."

"Yes, sir."

"Now, Mr. Hill," De Spain's voice was scarcely audible, "will you please be good enough to explain your sudden departure?"

"Yes, sir." Cold sweat started on Hill's back as he stepped forward. Damn this purring devil, and his cat-and-mouse tactics. "I thought the elevators from 'B' Level to the surface were audibly controlled. I had asked for an elevator, and the door opened for me. I rode to the surface, found a plane waiting, and took off."

"Didn't it seem a bit strange to you that your slightest wish be anticipated in this fashion?"

"I suppose it should have, sir," Hill said slowly. He could feel Theta's eyes upon his face. Why didn't she speak? What was she waiting for? "I might have, but I'd seen such strange things here that I accepted it without much thought."

"And why were you cutting your stay short?"

"I wasn't, sir," Hill lied. "I was trying to contact two of my college friends to tell them to apply for admittance here."

"And who are these friends?"

The soft voice flicked at Hill like a lash. He wanted to launch himself in a dive the length of that table. Wanted to feel De Spain's throat under his fingers. Damn the man! Why did he play with him this way...

"We're waiting, Hill?"

"Yes, sir. They are a Ray Forbes, who is an honor student in Advanced Communications, and a Miss Penelope Martin, an honor student in Advanced Commercial Art. Both have excellent minds, backgrounds, and other..."

"I am sorry, Hill, but our lists are complete."

There was a tightness in Hill's throat, his splayed fingers were pressed hard against his legs. "Would it do any good, sir, if their records were forwarded to you?"

"None at all." De Spain's face might have been carved from stone. "All the money in the world couldn't buy a place in the Ark. No man is great enough to force his way in."

A gray smile curved his lips. "That is all. The findings of the committee will be read over the speaker system.

Hill turned with the others and moved toward the arched doorway. Theta De Spain's face was the last thing he saw in that room. Her face, her livid lips, and her dark, questioning eyes.

The elevator was waiting for them at the end of the blue-walled hall. Hill started to speak as they entered, but O'Day's crushing grip on his arm stopped the words in his throat.

The Irishman silently led the way to their quarters. "Sorry, but there was an ear in that elevator. You might as well talk to De Spain himself."

"Then—then there might be one in here," Hill said.

"There is," O'Day grinned. "I helped build these rooms, and put the ears in—only I put a cut-out switch in this one."

He closed the door, stretched out on the bed. "I think you're in the clear, son. Your story's just cock-eyed enough to be true. If De Spain'd had any doubts he'd have put you under the Detector, and you'd have been all through. You've got luck."

"Not much," Hill retorted bitterly. "The bombing fleet would be here now if I did have."

"You're a fool." The Irishman grinned. "A brave fool, maybe, but still a fool. Why do you want to die? This is going to be a pretty nice little world when we get it fixed up. You couldn't do anything anyway, why not go with the crowd?"

Deep lines bracketed Hill's mouth, unbelief clouded his voice. "You—you can't mean that! Good God, man, he's wiping out every living thing in the world! Men, women, children—everything. Surely you must..."

He stopped, and then went on in a tight, choked voice, "What—what kind of a man are you?"

"An old man, almost old enough to be your father. I don't owe the world a thing. My mother was killed in the Yellow Invasion. I've flown in a dozen wars, I've seen the works—the whole rotten picture. It'll be a cleaner, better place when the leeches that run this world are dead. Call it tough that the rest of them have to die, too—maybe they'll be better off, for there's another war in the making. Money is the only thing that counts out there. Even, even with—"

O'Day's chill voice held Hill silent.

"Money! My wife left me because a thousand a month wasn't enough. She was a tramp anyway, but she took Peter Paul with her. I was flying in South America then. She was smart, she tried to cover up, but I found her. A fat butler tried to keep me out of her penthouse, and her greasy banker pulled a gun on me after I got in. The butler got off easy—I broke his jaw. That was a night I fixed that place up right. There were a million cops on the way when Peter Paul and I left. De Spain sent for me then. I was glad to come."

"Peter Paul?"

"My son, he's five now."

"Is he here?"

"No, his mother wasn't the kind of a woman who could get in here. That barred him."

"But..."

"Shut up, damn you!" O'Day was sitting up, his face twisted, his fingers working. "You're alive, isn't that enough? For the love of God, stop asking questions!"

Hill stared at O'Day's sweat-streaked face, at the odd brightness in the big man's eyes. Then he turned away without a word.

The bulletin came, just short of ten o'clock.

"Special orders resulting from committee hearing: O'Day to report to Surface Level for flight at 5:22 a. m.; Borsi to report to Machine Shop Level at 8:15 a. m.; Hill to report to McCoy on Dynamo Level at 8:15 a. m. No further action."

Hill's eyes found O'Day's face. "Then...?"

"You're in the clear."

Hill leaned forward, his voice hot, low. "Listen, O'Day, I want that gun you took away from me. I want..."

"It's gone. I dropped it overboard on the way back from Helena. We were in enough trouble without taking that chance. I turned the other one in as usual—but the little one's gone." O'Day lit a cigarette. "You wouldn't have got it anyway—it would have been your ticket to Hell!"

Ridges of muscle worked along the clean line of Hill's jaw. He pivoted without speaking, and went out of the room.

Two Sho-jet tables were running in the lounge. Hill joined the crowd that was banked four-deep around the players. He watched the swift movement of the red ball, and the precise fluttering of the betting discs. A tall, red-headed man was winning, and his laughter followed Hill as he moved toward the newscasting screens.

An air view filled one of those screens, a view that moved like a swiftly unreeling strip of film. Here, an ill-lighted, storm-pounded Coastal town, and the foaming white of the giant breakers that swept over the sea-wall. A freight ship sank before his eyes, and a dozen small boats were battered to kindling in half as many seconds. Then, a road choked with laden cars. Refugees!

"The tide now sweeping the Pacific Coast is the highest ever known." It was the announcer's quick voice.

"The Pacific Coast! That meant that Mike James' crew was broadcasting that scene. Then—Jay Forbes was in the plane.

JAY FORBES settled the headset over his ears and pawed the sweat out of his eyes. He listened to the sharp beat of the announcer's voice without hearing the words, and then leaned forward to tune out the murmur of the plane engine.

The moon-faced announcer was five feet ahead of him, face-down over a glass floor-panel. He watched the moving circle of the plane's searchlights crawl along the coast-line, and spilled crisp words into a small hand microphone.

Forbes was watching when the announcer raised his hand. He flicked the switch that cut in the noise of the storm outside, and reached for his cigarettes.

The announcer came to his side. "Get me the Chief, Jay." He was pale, shaken. "Did you see that freighter go down back there? Like a tin can instead of a ship. Give me one of those cigarettes."

Forbes turned the power output up, and worked the blinker switch. Three thousand miles away, on the master-board in the control-room of Universal Newscasting, a warning eye blinked red.

"Pick it up, James." The voice came from the board speaker.

Forbes nodded and James pulled the microphone close. "Chief, I don't think this ship can take much more of this weather. Paul thinks we better go down. The elevator controls are getting sluggish, and..."

"Can you hold out for five minutes?"

"Right."

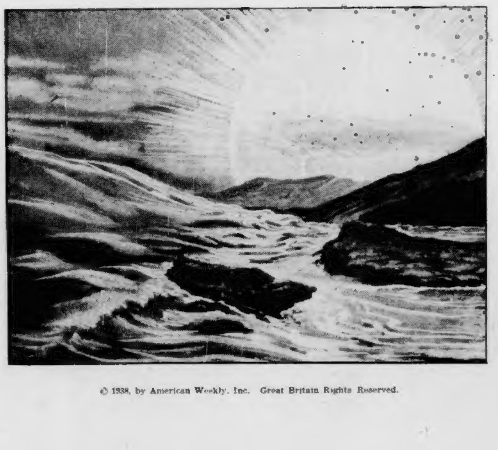
"That'll dovetail you with Number Two. They're comin' on with a water riot in Central France. Call me as soon as you're on the ground."

"Right." James' hand dropped, and Forbes flicked the cut-off switch. The announcer grinned at him, sucked cigarette smoke deep into his lungs. "How do you like it, guy?"

Forbes said: "When I've got a yell, I'll make it plenty loud. What the devil, this's better than sellin' ice or..." he broke off as a blue light flashed on his board. "Hey! There goes the port searchlight, Mike! Now what?"

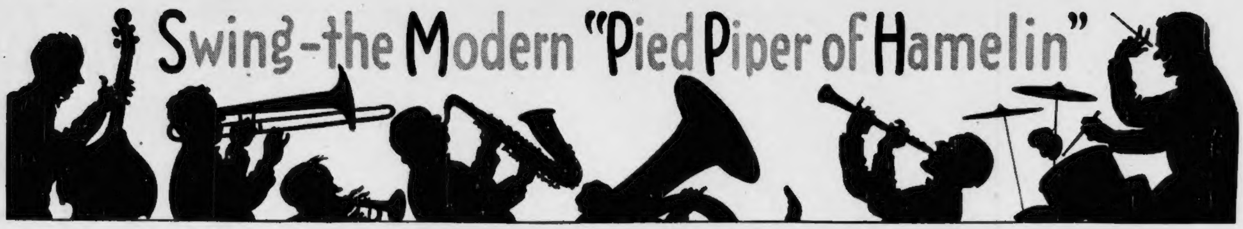
"Step the other one up, Jay. I'll ask Paul what's the matter. There's a floor-panel under

(Continued on Page 12)



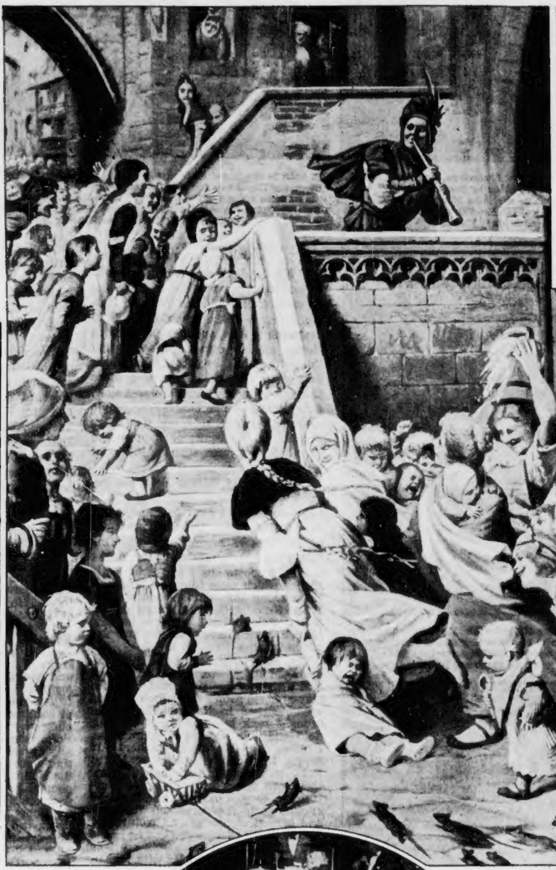
Professor Lucien Rudaux, Distinguished French Astronomer and Director of Donville Observatory, France, Shows How, Under the Influence of the Attraction of a Sun Much Bigger Than Our Sun, the Ocean Waves Would Cause Severe Floods and Lay Waste the Land.

Swing-the Modern "Pied Piper of Hamelin"



Professor Laird Explains How the Crazy Rhythms of the Popular Orchestras Can Sway Young People as Well as Rats Because the Savage Tempos Speed Up the Heart

The Young Campus Couple Wildly Responding to the Rhythms of the Saturday Night Dance Orchestra.



Products of Swing Are the Modern Dances Like the Suzy-Q—But They Can Be Danced Like the Above Without Any Implications of Craziness.

—And the Big Apple Pictured Here in One of Its Phases When the Young Dancers Converge Throwing Up Their Arms and Scream "Praise Allah."

Just as the Storied Children of Hamelin Laughed Joyously as They Followed the Piper and His Hypnotic Music Wherever He Led Them So the Youth of Today Reacts to Swing Music, Which Is Timed Just a Little Faster Than the Heartbeat, and Are Stimulated to the Point of Hysteria. At a Recent Theatre Performance by a Swing Band, the Couple Shown Above Could Not Restrain Themselves and Leaped From Their Seats to the Aisle to Dance.

By DONALD A. LAIRD,
Ph.D., Sci.D., Director Colgate University Psychological Laboratory, Hamilton, N. Y.

YOUR heart beats so many times a minute. Swing music is cunningly designed to a tempo faster than 72 beats—faster than the normal pulse. And this explains, possibly, the old legend of the Pied Piper of Hamelin, the musician who, with his tunes, lured away first the plague of rats that overran the town, and then when the thrifty burghers refused to pay his price, resumed his piping and marched away to the mountains leading the laughing, hysterical children, enchanted by his music, to destruction.

Such music as dispensed all over the country night after night for several years has already had an astonishing hypnotic influence on millions of young people in high schools, colleges and factories and is making them cut up more didoes than the youngsters of Hamelin. If you don't believe these are didoes take a look at the pictures on this page which show some of the swing addicts under the influence of music with the riveting tempos.

Some of these ardent listeners get into postures which would do credit to a Hindu Yoga. Others make grimaces that would frighten a professional medicine man in deepest Africa. Some are suddenly seized with a convulsion-like paroxysm after so much listening to swing and execute a good imitation of a severe epileptic fit until they have to stop from sheer exhaustion.

Most common, however (and this gives the psychologists a clue to what is behind all the fervor of the swing fan), is for the addict under the influence of swing to go through a series of movements, with eyes shut.

The skilled observer can readily see that the young folks are keyed to a high pitch by the syncopation and wailing of the swing musicians while the drummer keeps up his staccato rhythm just a bit faster than the human heartbeat.

The swing-devotee himself, or herself, may not realize the peculiarities of their dancing or conduct while listening to swing, for the impulses which people usually control are released and only slightly disguised under the influence of this type of popular music.

Professor Arthur Cremin verified unpleasant conclusions by a simple experiment on an unsuspecting boy and girl. Professor Cremin, who is president of the American Creative League of Music Students, said:

"We placed a young man and a girl in a room where we could watch them without being observed. First, we provided a program of good music, classical pieces and popular songs, such as waltzes. They were friendly, but that was all.

"Later we arranged another meeting. This time the radio played swing music. They were much bolder, both of them. The boy took much more leeway in his actions and the girl didn't object."

When directly questioned, Professor Cremin admitted that under the influence of swing music the young couple promptly started petting.

Swing fans conceal their real emotions and thoughts under a strange vocabulary of pet names and slang which they have concocted. The feelings they have toward swing are apparently so personal and powerful that ordinary words, which are adequate for most of us, are not good enough for these fans.

A swing fan, for example, is known as an "ickey" or a "jitterbug." The jitterbug is the one who does not do much more than tap with his heel while listening to swing. But an ickey is the one who gets pretty much stirred up by the music; swing hits the ickey and stirs him to the core, sending him into a shivering dance, contorting the face, and causing yelps like an excited puppy-dog chasing its first cat down an alley. Psychiatrists would probably be worried about the basic mental condition of many of the ickeys.

Other highly symbolic terms in this new jargon are: "Paper man," who is not much of a swing player; the real swing player is said to "ride" it, or to be a "go" man. "Sending" is when the band music drives its fanatics so hysterical they get "swing happy."

The fanatic who is made "swing happy" by the "sending" of a group of "go" players is in fact securing enjoyment, not from the sounds of the irregular music, but from increased emotions. Considering that most of the devotees of swing are young persons presumably unfamiliar with the ways of the world, it can reasonably be expected to break down conventions and lead to moral weakness.

The swing fans who are so powerfully affected are probably recruited from the young men and young women who are unbalanced emotionally.

Many swing fans, however, are just kids from high school and college who are trying to keep up with a craze which they think is "the thing" to follow to be like other young folks. These innocent youngsters are probably not especially affected by swing, merely following it to keep up with the crowd.

But the barbaric nature of swing may do these serious injury in breaking through their reserve as they try, naturally enough, to be as much like the real fan as is possible for these unsophisticated adolescents.

The swing craze is catching since most of its followers are of the age when human beings are most susceptible and most inclined to imitate others. They really aren't swing fans—they just try to be and imagine they are. But their presence and familiarity with the lingo adds momentum to the craze which is making so many otherwise sensible persons act crazy.

That is how easily mental epidemics start—and the swing craze is just that, a mental epidemic, a modern instance of mass contagion which shows that we humans are not as highly civilized as we make ourselves believe most of the time. A few fanatics—who quite likely have something wrong with them mentally—take up something with psychopathic enthusiasm. This enthusiasm is contagious, and is caught by some people who do not have anything wrong with them—yet—and who try to get the same kick out of the new stunt that the real fanatic does.

These innocent bystanders who are caught up in the wave of contagion are likely to be people who are ignorant, of a low intelligence level, and immature, Dr. L. L. Bernard has pointed out. It is often people who live a humdrum life, he also shows, who are eager to try out something new, such as swing, just to see if it may not give them some new excitement.

But the serious possibility remains that these innocent bystanders may be caught up in the emotional rush of the craze and be put off their mental balance, temporarily or permanently. Dr. Morris Braude, psychiatrist at Rush Medical College, Chicago, has just recently reported observations bearing on this in his book "Clinical Psychiatry," published by P. Blakiston's Son & Co., in Philadelphia.

"Epidemics of dancing," the distinguished psychiatrist says, "are but a few of the nervous manifestations imputed to a species of 'influence' or induction of one person over others. Because of the greater emotional instability in women, induced psychosis is more frequent in them."

The first and best treatment, Dr. Braude reports, is to separate the "victim" from the person from whom he "caught" the peculiarity. This would probably be a wise thing for many parents to do if their children are innocent bystanders who are being drawn into the swing craze.

Dr. Everett Dean Martin has shown in the Journal of Abnormal and Social Psychology that there are telltale earmarks in the enthusiastic devotees of a craze of this sort which are also symptoms common to the mental disease of paranoia. In fact, these are the outstanding and often the sole symptoms of paranoia.

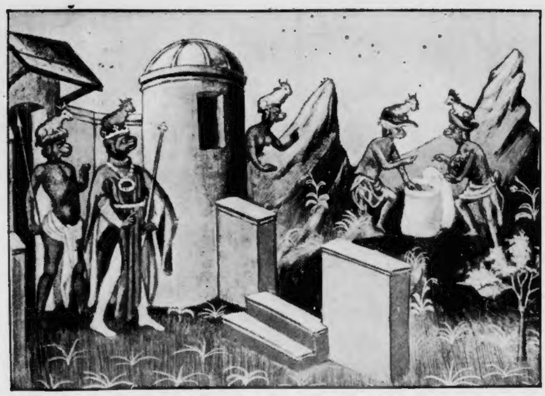
All in all, it is pretty obvious that the swing bug is a good insect not to let bite you.

There is something encouraging, however, for distraught parents and sensitive moralists in this modern reincarnation of the old dancing manias. When a craze of this sort is slow in developing, it usually lasts for a long while; but when it springs up quickly and takes the country literally by storm, it almost invariably blows over quickly, leaving millions of people sheepishly wondering why they were foolish enough to fall for it in the first place.

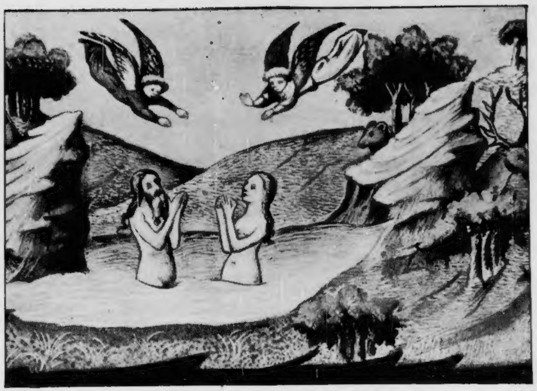
Our modern swing craze has had one of these mushroom, over night growths. Its swift rise to popularity forecasts its equally rapid descent to near-oblivion. Of course it will never completely die out, if for no other reason than that there has always been a small amount of swing. But you can safely bet that in another year or two at the longest, swing will be pretty much a thing of the past, and that if you want to hear swing then you will have to hunt out some questionable resort or night club where they deal in commodities closely related to swing.

The power of music over human beings has long been known, and has been used to induce suitable moods in dramatic actors and audiences. Suitable music has been used for the last half century in the treatment of persons with mental disease, and many hospitals for the mentally ill have their own bands and orchestras to assist their patients toward recovery.

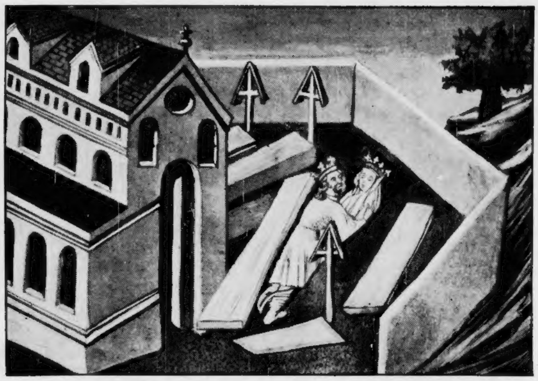
Adver of Ar Trav



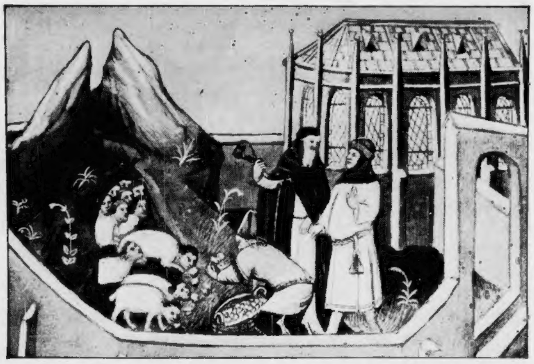
The Dog-Headed Natives Who Live in Great Luxury On the Island of Bacumeran, Sometimes Called Nichomeran, One of the Nicobar Islands in the Indian Ocean, Described by Brother Odoric de Pordenone, Who Enjoyed Some of the Same Sources of Information as Sir John Mandeville. The Men and Women of This Strange Tribe All Carry Calves on Their Heads to Feed Them When They Need It. Dog-Headed Men Are Said to Have Lived in Many Places.



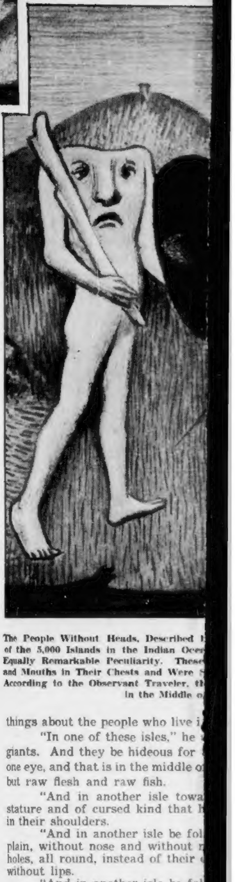
A Lake in the Island of Ceylon Alleged by Sir John Mandeville to Have Been Formed by the Tears Shed by Adam and Eve for One Hundred Years After They Were Driven Out of Paradise. In the Bottom of the Lake Are Said to Be Many Precious Stones and Great Pearls, but Unfortunately They Are Guarded by Crocodiles and Serpents and Great Water-Leeches, in Spite of Which the Natives Bravely Dive for the Treasures.



The Strange Story Related by Mandeville Concerning the King of Rhodes Who Had a Beautiful Wife Whom He Loved Excessively. She Died Young and He Buried Her in a Magnificent Marble Tomb at Satalie, But He Loved Her So Much That He Opened the Tomb in the Night to Look Upon Her, Although Warned Not to Do So. Then a Great Adder Came Out of the Tomb and Destroyed the City.



Pigs With Human Faces in a Buddhist Convent In the Land of Prester John, a Fabulous Christian Monarch of Asia Believed to Have Been Invented by Sir John Mandeville, But Devoutly Accepted by the People of His Time. This Picture is Based on the Narrative of Brother Oderic de Pordenone, But the Locality Has Been Identified from the Description with Hang-tcheou in China.



The People Without Heads, Described b
of the 5,000 Islands in the Indian Oce
Equally Remarkable Peculiarity. These
and Mouths in Their Chests and Were S
According to the Observant Traveler, th
in the Middle o

© 1938, by American Weekly, Inc.
Great Britain Rights Reserved.

IT WAS, indeed, an astonishing world as pictured in the tales of travels in ancient times. Marco Polo, an Italian, was one of the first Europeans to venture into Asia, and he returned with stories of his own experiences and things that had been told him which astonished Europe. This was more than 600 years ago and travel was slow, difficult and dangerous. Few people ventured far from home and thus there was no one to dispute or disprove the extraordinary yarns spun by these old travelers.

Until recently, Marco Polo was regarded as a monumental liar, but of late years he has come to be regarded as a truthful historian in the matters he recounts as having seen with his own eyes. But he also repeated the most preposterous and fantastic stories which were told him here and there along the route of his travels. It is these grotesque things which Marco Polo did not pretend he saw himself, which have given the traveler his bad name.

The experiences of Marco Polo encouraged other travelers, historians and artists of his time, and thus the stay-at-home people of Europe listened open-mouthed to the incredible tales brought back by or pictured by Jean de Mandeville, Odorie de Pordenone, Brother John Hayton and others. If people believed the stories of Marco Polo, why should not they swallow their own preposterous yarns or illustrations, they reasoned. And thus the ancient world shuddered and wondered and gasped at stories and pictures of distant tribes of men who had no heads but had eyes, nose and mouth on their chests; of strange peoples with human heads but the bodies of animals; of a lake on an island formed by tears shed by Adam and Eve after their expulsion from Paradise; of a fountain from which flowed "the four rivers of the earthly paradise;" of the dog-headed natives of the Nicobar Islands and other similar marvels they pretended they had seen or heard of in far corners of the earth.

The most famous manuscript of Jean de Mandeville's adventures, with its quaint and wonderful illustrations, was executed for the great Prince, Philip the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, about 1390. It passed into the possession of various other great princes and finally into that of King Francis I of France. It was embellished and added to by these distinguished persons and they enjoyed it immensely, especially the pictures. Today it is the greatest treasure in the Medieval Manuscript Department of the National Library of France.

In his preface Jean de Mandeville, or Sir John Mandeville, as the English call him, states that he was born in England on Michaelmas Day, 1322; had traveled in Turkey, Armenia, Tartary, Persia, Syria, Arabia, Egypt, Ethiopia, Chaldea, Amazonia, India, China, and had been to Jerusalem quite often. He added that he had served the Sultan of Egypt against the wild desert tribes, and had been invited to marry an Egyptian Princess, which he piously had refused to do, because the offer was made contingent on his renouncing Christianity. He visited the Holy Land with letters under the great seal of the Sultan, which gave him extraordinary privileges. He drank of the Well of Youth at Polombe on the Malabar Coast and felt better for it. He had served the Emperor of China for 15 months, had been in peril of his life among the rocks of adamant in the Indian Ocean and had wandered into a haunted valley called Malasgird in Armenia.

Few men could have traveled more or seen more in those days, when traveling was so difficult. And yet Marco Polo, who lived before him, had actually covered as vast a field. It is true that some authorities have argued that Sir John Mandeville was not a real person, but the invention of a scholarly fourteenth century rascal named Jean de Bourgogne, who confessed on his death bed that he was really Jean de Mandeville, but did not confess that he had invented the travels. Jean de Bourgogne is charged with having compiled Mandeville's narrative by rehashing the stories of Marco Polo, Pordenone, Hayton and others, with many embellishments of his own. Nevertheless, there was a tombstone at Liege giving the date of Jean de Mandeville's death there as 1372, which agrees with the story of his life. His book contains many facts then unfamiliar, but since proved to be substantially true, facts which in some cases are different from those of the other old travels mentioned, and many stories that are manifestly false or strain credulity. It shows great imaginative powers and in places has high literary merit.

Sir John related many marvelous things about the people who live i

"In one of these isles," he
giants. And they be hideous for
one eye, and that is in the middle o
but raw flesh and raw fish.

"And in another isle towa
stature and of cursed kind that h
in their shoulders.

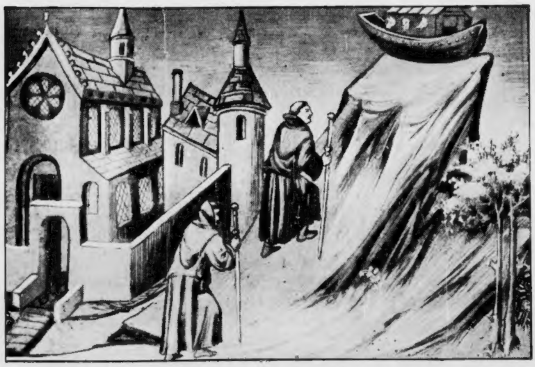
"And in another isle be fol
plain, without nose and without n
holes, all round, instead of their
without lips.

"And in another isle be fol
have the lip above the mouth so g
sun they cover all the face with t

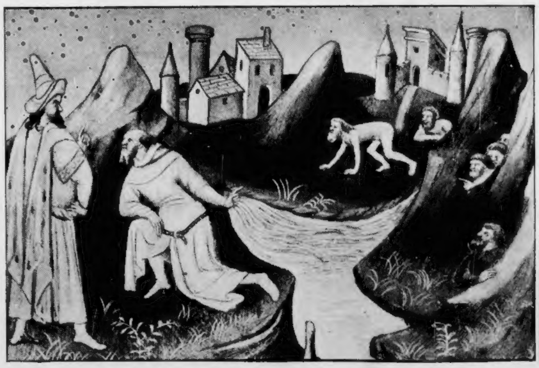
"And in another isle there
have no mouth; but instead of thei
hole, and when they shall eat or d
a pen, or such a thing, and suck it

"And in another isle be folk
be strong and mighty and swift r
with running, and eat them."

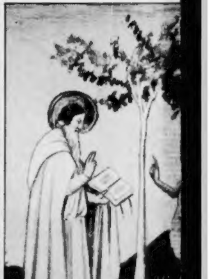
It was customary with the
report the existence of such unna
heads, features in the wrong place,



Mount Ararat, Near Erzeroum, Which Is Stated by Sir John Mandeville to Be Seven Miles High, and Noah's Ark Resting On Top of It, With the Animals Looking Out of the Windows, Together With the Monk, Who Was the Only Man Ever Privileged, According to Sir John, to Go Up and Inspect the Ark and Come Back Alive, As the Ascent Was, of Course, Extremely Arduous. The Monastery Which Stood at the Foot of Mount Ararat Is Shown in the Picture.

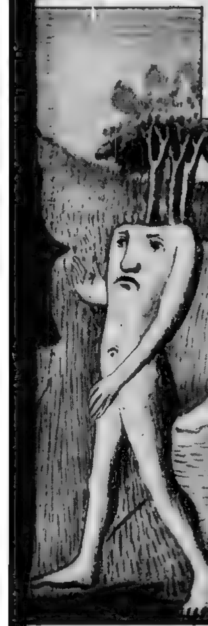


King Alexander the Great at the So-Called Iron Gate at Derbend in the Caucasus, Which He Fortified in Order to Keep the Wild Men, Who Ran On All Fours Like Dogs, Out of Persia. This Interesting Episode, of Course, Did Not Happen in Sir John Mandeville's Time and He Was Only Able to Describe It From Historical Records. Alexander Is Seen On the Left Giving Orders to His Followers to Keep Out the Wild Men.



The Marvelous Phoenix Bird Rep
500 Years to Be Burnt Up at th
Egypt, After Which in Three Da
from Its Ashes and "Flieth Away
Telling the Story to a Half-I

ntures
ncient
elers



y Sir John Mandeville as Inhabiting One n, All of Which Were Marked by Some Headless People Had Their Eyes, Noses trong and Active. In the Next Island, e People Had but One Eye Which Was the Forehead.

the islands of the Indian Ocean. ays, "be folk of great stature, as look upon. And they have but the front. And they eat nothing

d the south dwell folk of foul ave no heads. And their eyes be

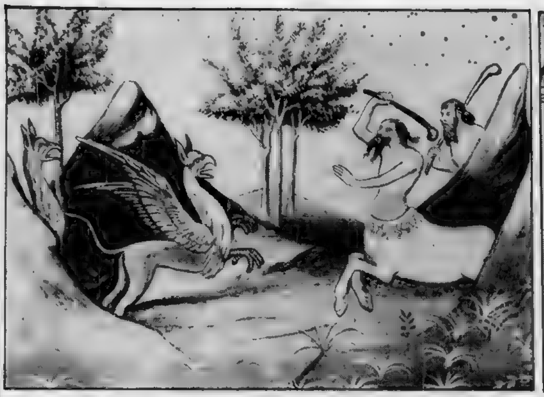
that have the faces all flat, all outh. But they have two small yes, and their mouth is flat also

of foul fashion and shape that reat that when they sleep in the at lip.

e little folk, as dwarfs, and they mouth they have a little round nk, they draw through a pipe or n, for they have no tongue.

that have horses' feet. And they nners, for they take wild beasts

travelers of those old days to ural races of men, having dogs' and so on. Modern writers have



Interesting Scene in "The Land of Bakerie Where Dwell the Ypodames, Whose Nature It Is to Eat Human Beings." Sir John Apparently Has in Mind Hippopotamuses, but They Are Represented as Centaurs in Deadly Conflict With the Fabled Griffons of Bactria, Which Have the Body of a Lion, the Head and Wings of an Eagle, the Ears of a Horse and Fish's Scales in Place of Hair.

tried to explain that seeing men of a very different type from those they were accustomed to surprised the travelers so much that they thought they were even stranger than they really were. Brother Odoric de Pordenone, who wrote about the same time as Sir John Mandeville, recorded the existence of dog-headed natives upon the island of Bacumeran, in the Nicobar Islands, which are also in Indian waters. These natives were very capable, lived handsomely, but carried little calves on the tops of their heads for nourishment.

The legend of the phoenix arose in pre-Christian times, and it was probably no surprise to the people of Sir John Mandeville's time to learn that the bird was still going strong. He explained that the phoenix came to the Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis in Egypt to burn himself upon the altar at the end of every 500 years. The priests arrayed their altar beautifully and put thereon spices and sulphur and other things that will burn easily, and the bird then comes and burns itself to ashes. The first day after they find a worm in the ashes; and the next day, a perfect bird; and the third day the bird "flieth away." There are some interesting details about the phoenix, proving that he is a full fair bird to look upon.

Near this place in Egypt a holy Christian hermit met a monster that had two horns on his forehead, a body like a man down to the hips, and beneath that the body of a goat. The monster explained that he had been cursed by this deformity. The hermit read him the Scriptures and the story of the phoenix, which comforted him greatly, and the illustrator of Sir John's narrative thought it well to combine these two episodes in one picture. Sir John added that the head with the two horns was preserved in Alexandria in his time.

The island of Ceylon is reported by Sir John to be a strange place.

"In that isle is a great mount," he says, "and in the midst of the mount is a great lake in a full fair plain; and there is great plenty of water. And they of the country say that Adam and Eve wept upon the mount a hundred years, when they were driven out of Paradise, and that water, they say, is of their tears; for so much water they wept that they made the aforesaid lake. And in the bottom of the lake men find many precious stones and great pearls.

"In that lake grows reeds and great canes; and there within be many cocodrills (crocodiles) and serpents and great water leeches. And the king of that country once every year giveth leave to the poor men to go into the lake to gather them precious stones and pearls, by way of alms for the love of God that made Adam. And all the year men find enough. And for the vermin that is within, they anoint their arms and their thighs and legs with an ointment made of a thing that is called lemons, that is a manner of fruit like small peas; and then they have no dread of cocodrills, nor of other venomous vermin."

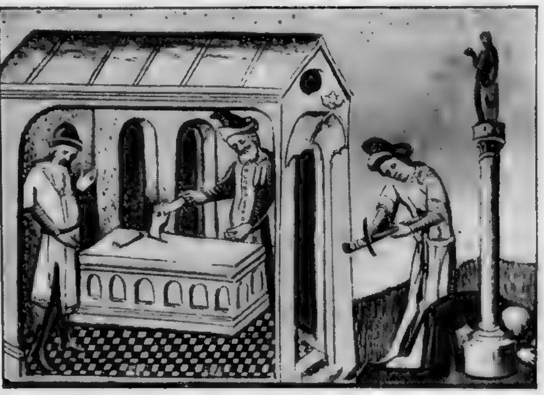
Sir John explains that cocodrills are serpents, yellow and striped above, with four feet and short thighs and great nails.

"In the Land of Bactria," reports this old traveler, "be many ypodames, whose nature it is to eat human beings." By ypodames he meant hippopotamuses, but he strangely misstated their appearance and their habits. He said they were like centaurs, having the body of a man from the waist up and below that the body of a horse. In the same country also dwelt many griffons, with the upper body like an eagle and the lower like a lion. One griffon was stronger than eight lions and a hundred eagles. Fortunately, the ypodames were in the habit of fighting desperately with the griffons.

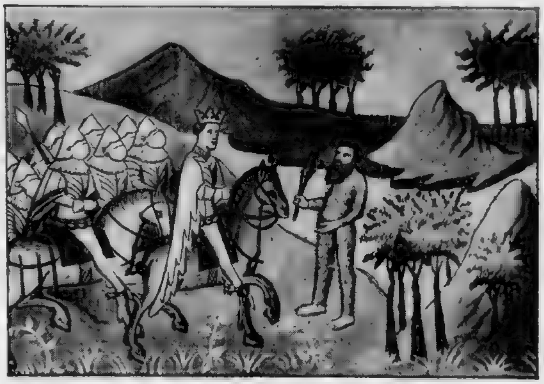
It is known that the Christian religion spread far into the East in apostolic times, and that these settlements became separated from European centers of Christianity through the spread of paganism. The traveler described the tomb of St. Thomas the Apostle at Calamyon, or Mailapur, on the coast of Coromandel, in India, where the Saint was martyred. The traveler reported that the Saint's arm was kept lying in a vessel upon the tomb, and that whenever there was a dispute between two parties they would write their complaints on two papers and put them in the hand of the Saint. Then he would cast away the wrong complaint and hold the right one in his hand. Unfortunately, the Christian religion had become contaminated with pagan practices, and in the very church where St. Thomas was buried there was an idol before which the people performed human sacrifices.

"And some there be," says he, "that

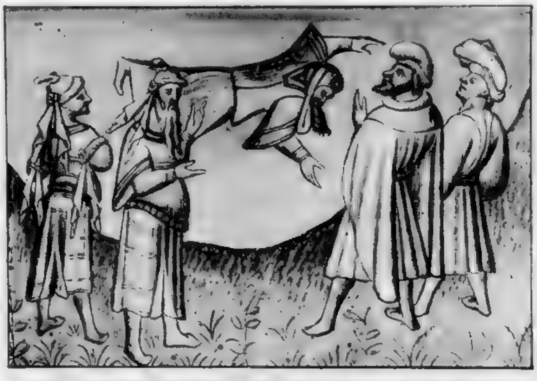
(Continued on Page 16)



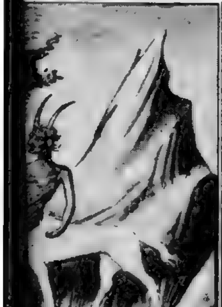
The Tomb of St. Thomas at Calamyon, or Mailapur, On the Coast of Coromandel in India, Where the Hand of the Saint Is Seen Coming Out of His Tomb to Settle Law Suits, As It Was Said to Do Habitually in the Time of Sir John Mandeville. On the Right Are Shown Human Sacrifices Before the Great Idol of the Same Church, Where Christianity and Paganism Were Unhappily Mingled.



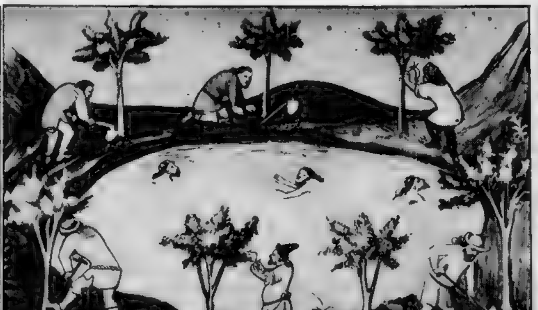
This Picture Shows Okotai Khan, the Favorite Son of the Great Tartar Conqueror, Jenghiz Khan, Stopped At Derbend by a Wild Man. It Should Be Noted That This Wild Man Has a Rich Growth of Hair From Head to Foot, Whereas in Another Episode the Place Was Said to Be Frequented by Wild Men Who Ran On All Fours Like Dogs. In Any Case There Were Bad Wild Men in the Vicinity.



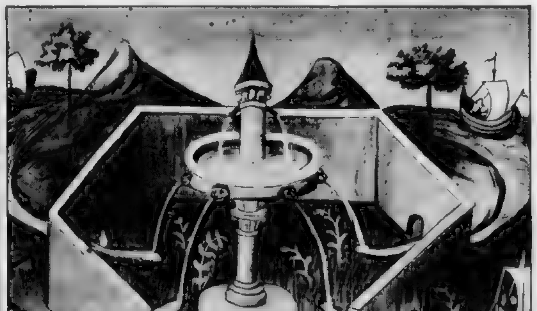
A Magician of the Country of the Balciteis in India Reclining Up in the Air With Nothing to Support Him, As Hindu Fakirs Are Said to Do At the Present Day. This Scene Is From a Narrative of Brother Jean Hayton, Who Lived at Nearly the Time When Sir John Mandeville's Work Was Published and Who Reported a Similar Collection of Wonders in Asia.



ted by Sir John to Come Every Temple of the Sun in Heliopolis, a New and Perfect Bird Arises The Artist Adds a Holy Hermit man Monster in the Desert.



The Dead Sea As Described by Sir John Mandeville, Surrounded by Balsam Trees Whose Fruit Was Gathered by the Natives and Was Marvelously Good in Treating Disease. The Artist Must Be Held Responsible for Making the Dead Sea About Fifty Feet Wide, for Sir John States That the Sea Is 72 Miles Long and 18 Miles Wide, When As a Matter of Fact It Is Only 46 Miles Long and 9 Miles Wide.



The Four Rivers of the Earthly Paradise, Based On the Narrative of Sir John Mandeville, Who Says That "This Paradise Is Enclosed All About With a Stone Wall, and Men Wit Not What It Is; for the Walls Be Covered All Over With Moss, As It Seemeth." The Traveler Explains That Paradise Is Surrounded With Stormy Seas, Where the Noise Is So Great That No Man Can Hear Another in the Ship and With High Mountains So That No Man May Dare Go Near It.

ARK OF FIRE

A Story of the Year 1980—And the Warped Genius Who Decided to Wipe Out War, Crime and Disease by a Flood of Solar Flame

By JOHN HAWKINS

(Continued from Page 8)

you. Switch the cover back, and get something into the mike."

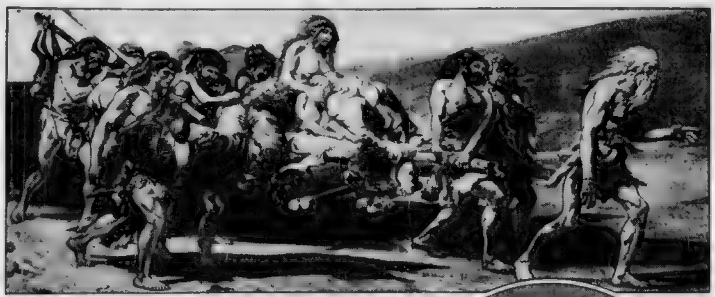
"Hey, I'm no announcer, I—"

"You are now." James whirled, ducked away toward the pilot's quarters.

Jay Forbes cupped the hand-mike close to his lips, stared down at the fan of white light that reeled down the beach.

"Below us," he said gravely "is the full evidence of the fury of the sea. Whole towns along this coast have been wiped out as completely as though they'd never been here. Every major city has suffered damages which will run into millions of dollars. The loss of human life is even more appalling. This storm struck without warning, and there was no time for those living near the beaches to vacate. All roads leading inland are..."

Forbes talked, while his eyes followed that moving finger of light. Two Iscanascopes, set in the wings, picked up everything shown by that light. Roaring white-crested seas, wrecked houses and a boat floating bottom-up. Here, a flashing glimpse of a building falling, almost gravely into the sea. Forbes' breath caught in his throat. There had been time to see the tiny figures atop that building before the light flicked away. Men and women who had fled there for safety. The battering tidal wave had undermined the building and now... Forbes turned his eyes away.



Cain and His Family, by the French Artist, Cormon. It Has Been Suggested That the Story of the Garden of Eden and the Flaming Sword Had Its Origin in a Devastating Prehistoric Drought—Thus Placing the Cain Family Amongst Humanity's First Refugees From Nature's Destructive Forces.

The announcer was back then, taking the microphone out of Forbes' hand. "Two minutes an' we're goin' down. Watch it."

Forbes nodded, and automatically adjusted the volume control. The announcer's voice ran on, a tight, meaningless drone in his head-set.

The plane was thundering over Long Beach now. The docks, the auditorium, the hotels and business blocks which fronted on the sea were in ruins. A black snub-nosed sedan flashed along an elevated highway, only to be tossed over-and-over, like an empty match-box, by a licking sea.

East, toward Los Angeles they flew, skimming low over roads that were choked with cars and buses in a roaring chaos. Over a flying field where a small plane was racing wide-open, into the face of the wind in a vain attempt to get off the ground. The wing fabric whipped loose. The struts showed bare as the small ship nosed over and crashed. A burst of orange flame marked the spot.

Los Angeles. Rain-wet buildings, streets that were running feet-deep in water. Giant searchlights probing the heavy sky with white fingers.

Then, the announcer's upraised hand was signaling the cut-off. Forbes leaned over the controls again, the announcer's words plain in his head-set.

"Chief, Mike James reporting. We're taking our ship down to see what's wrong. I'll call you as soon as we know."

The board speaker said "Right."

The plane slanted down. Forbes had plenty to do. Both microphones had to be stowed in their rubber-lined cases, the controls had to be covered with crash pads.

He had barely finished when James was at his side, shouting: "Brace yourself, she's going to be sloppy."

It was. The wheels touched, and sheets of muddy water drenched the plane. The jar threw Forbes hard against the seat. The engine thunder rose again, as the plane slewed around, lumbered toward an open hangar.

A moment later, Forbes and James dropped to the hangar floor as the two pilots came down their ladders. Paul Grey was the first man to the floor. James slapped his shoulder.

"You really set her down, Paul. Hell, I haven't seen anything better than that since—"

"Stow it, Mike, we've still got to get this crate back in the air." The pilot looked years older than his thirty-five. A two-day stubble darkened his cheeks and his eyes were red, bloodshot. "You guys hunt up some fuel, and Tony and I'll see what's wrong with the light, and why the elevators are sluggish."

The co-pilot, a slim, dark man, stood there brushing at his eyes. "Mike, we're not flying again tonight. Ye gods, it's been a week since I've seen a bed. I'm dead for sleep. I..."

"You're working for Universal," Grey snapped. "Get that idea about sleep out of your head."

"Right." Tony moved after him. "And I'm the guy who turned down a job flying a freighter."

Forbes superintended the fueling. Grey and Tony worked over the wing searchlight, and then went back to the tail assembly. Mike James went with them, and a moment later climbed into the plane cabin again. He was back on the ground by the time the fuel truck had rolled away.

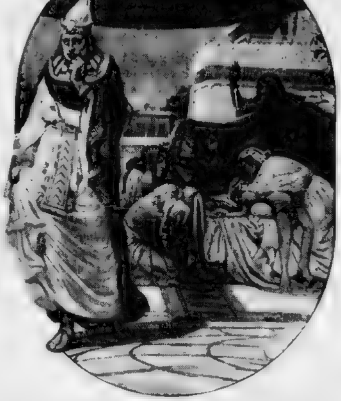
"Bad news," he said tersely. "The Chief wants us to be in Washington, D. C., by eight a. m. tomorrow."

Grey got a cigarette out of a crumpled pack. "Yes," he said quietly, "what's happened?"

"Crew Six has disappeared. The relief men couldn't find a trace of them. The Chief's got to have a crew there to catch the speech the President promised to make sometime this week."

Grey's face didn't change. His hands were steady as he brought the lighter flame to his cigarette. "Then why doesn't the relief crew take that job?"

"They can't, Paul, they've got to replace Crew Two. Six or eight hundred French peasants



Another Great Drought Took Place at the Time of the Biblical Seven Plagues of Europe. This Painting Depicts Pharaoh Mourning His First-Born, Dead of the Pestilence, and Brooding Over His People's Troubles—Much as President Kingston Mourns America's and Humanity's Destruction by Solar Fire.

mobbed their plane and wrecked the equipment. A couple of the boys are dead. Water riot. The peasants thought they'd find water in the plane."

Grey nodded. "Sure, and we hop clear across the country on a dirty night. Well, get some food aboard, and let's get goin'. I'll get her off, and take the first two hours. Then one of you guys can take over while I get a little sleep. All you'll have to do is watch the automatic pilot do the work."

"You can't," the co-pilot said, "we'll stack this ship up. You'd need a flying boat to get off this field. We'll be—"

"Universal men don't die in bed." Grey might have been talking about the weather. "Come on, Tony, we're checkin' over the motors, and then we're rollin' out of here."

Crash stations. All instruments shielded. The first rule for all Universal planes when taking off a dangerous field.

Forbes draped the crash pads over the control-board, belted himself in his seat. The big motors blasted their full-throated song of power, the ship wheeled around. Then they were lumbering through the wash of the flood-lights, down the rutted flooded field. The take-off light winked green. The ship bounced, rocked, and then staggered into the air. Thunderous motor sound, and yet the ship rose with maddening slowness. Buildings dead-ahead.

James' face was white. "Come on, Paul," he whispered, "pick this pig up. Pick it up!"

Forbes could have sworn that the wings' surfaces scraped the roof. The next time he looked down through the glass floor-panel, the ground lights were only ruddy pin-points.

James was clutching Forbes' arm. "Is he good, or is he good? Who else could have got this crate out of that mud-hole down there?"

The flight was an hour old when Paul Grey came back into the main cabin. A cigarette drooped from one corner of his mouth, and his young-old face was grey with fatigue.

"Are you goin' to call the Chief tonight?"

"Sure," James said, "I'll have to report. Did you want something?"

"Yes. Tony needs a rest. Tell the Chief to have a new man in Washington to relieve him. Tony's a good man, but these long stretches get him. A week'll put him back on his feet."

An odd smile pulled at James' mouth. "Sure, and how about you? Tony's been on the rocks for a week. You've been doing all the flying. How..."

"Tony's a good man," Grey said bleakly. "Let it go at that." He turned, trailing cigarette smoke over his shoulders. "Send some coffee up, will you?"

Forbes looked up at James as he uncovered the control-board. James grinned down at him. "Yes, I know, you're wondering who's running this crew. I am, fella, but I'll take any suggestion that guy wants to make. He'll keep us movin' when the rest of the crews are in the hangar. They don't come any better."

Forbes worked the blinker switch. A moment's wait, and then the board-speaker said "Pick it up, James."

"En route to Washington, Chief. Have a new co-pilot on hand to relieve Tony. He needs a week's rest."

"You'll be in Washington two or three days," the speaker said, "that will give him time to catch some sleep."

"Two or three days, Chief, that's swell."

"Right. Report to Dave Williams at the airport. He'll give you the set-up."

"Chief, I——" James broke off as Forbes plucked at his sleeve. "Just a minute." He switched the microphone off, asked, "What do you want?"

"If — if we're going to be in Washington for a couple of days I'd like to get a message through to my fiancee."

James shook his head. "You know better than that."

"Listen, we want to get married, and this might be the last chance for a long time. I—"

"So!" James grinned. "Now Universal plays cupid." He turned back to the microphone. "Chief, this new man you sent me wants to use this two days' stop to get married. He wants to get word to the girl now."

The speaker said, "Why not? Put him on."

Laughter lights showed in James' eyes as he pushed the microphone into Forbes' hand. Forbes said, "I'd like to get in touch with Miss Penelope Martin, at De Spain University, please."

CHAPTER VIII.

The President Speaks.

STEVEN HILL stood on the slender catwalk and looked up at the two mechanics who were working on the unit of four speaker horns near the ceiling. Far below him, row-on-row of huge dynamos snarled endlessly.

One of the mechanics came slowly down the ladder. "We changed the circuit," he said, "and if you're right, that fixes it. How about a test?"

Hill plugged in a test-phone and an impersonal voice said "Yes?"

"Checking speaker horns on Dynamo Level. Give us a test."

"Right." There was a moment's wait, and then the giant's voice of the horns said: "Steven Hill to 'B' Level Visa-phone, at once. Steven Hill to 'B' Level Visa-phone, at once."

The mechanic blinked. "Talk about service."

The voice in Hill's head-phone said, "Get it? That came through just in time to use."

"Then it wasn't a test?"

"No, that's an order, Hill. Get under way."

Brian O'Day was the first man Hill saw when the elevator doors snapped open on 'B' Level. The big flyer said: "I heard the order, son. The Visa-phone's this way."

"Hey," Hill said softly, "the Visa-phone means it's from outside. I didn't think De Spain would let me—"

"That's why I came. I had to warn you. He'll be using delay coil on you, and if you say anything he doesn't like, it'll never get past the board. Watch it, son. You might as well be talking to Mr. 'A' himself."

Hill said, "Thanks."

O'Day led the way down a silver-walled hall, to stop in front of a narrow door. "In here."

"Come on in," Hill said, and went past the flyer into a small room. The Visa-grid was already glowing; a cone of hot white light spilled down from the ceiling, and the scanning tubes shone blue on either side of the screen.

A voice came out of the blank white screen: "A call for Steven Hill from Washington, D. C. You will limit yourself to answers satisfactory to the Twelve, or the connection will be broken."

Hill said, "Right."

A double image leaped into being upon the screen. Two faces side-by-side, looked out at him. Jay Forbes' unforgettable homely grin, and Penny Martin's warm, soft smile. A tightness gripped Hill's throat. He tried to make his voice light.

"Hello, mugs. How come you bother a working man on a busy day?"

"A surprise, Steve," Penny whispered.

"Hey," Forbes growled, "you wouldn't know what a busy day is. We've had three hours to buy flowers, the ring, the wedding dress, and to hire a minister. And now you get a ring-side seat. Watch, fella, and listen to my knees."

"You're... You're—"

"Check. This is our wedding day. Universal gave me six hours off."

Penny and Jay turned then, at right angles to the screen, and a third profile showed there. That of a silvery-haired, gentle mouthed old man who held a Bible in his hands.

"Dearly beloved," the soft words burned deep in Hill's mind, "we are gathered here—"

Hill's fingers curled until the nails bit deep into his palms. He blinked suddenly, as stinging moisture flooded his eyes.

"Do you, Penelope Martin, take this man—"

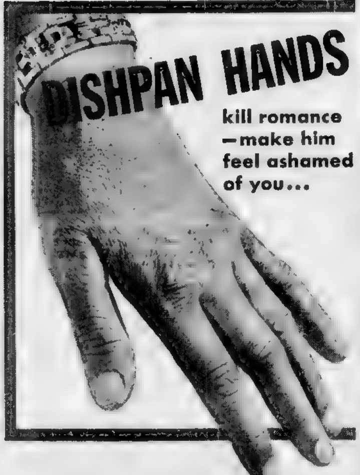
Married! Two of the grandest people God ever put breath into. Sure, reaching for a clock-tick of happiness that wasn't there.

Not even that was left. Not now. Tomorrow the temperature would go up and up. Each hour brought the unescapable closer.

"Do you, Jay Forbes, take this woman—"

How long could it last? How fast was the earth rushing toward the sun? Damn De Spain! Hot, angry words flooded inside

(Continued on Page 14)



Husbands' "Pet Hates"..

CURLERS spoil his illusion that you're just naturally beautiful...

BREAKFAST "FRUMP" morning messiness stays in his mind all day long...

DISHPAN HANDS kill romance —make him feel ashamed of you...

How can a husband feel romantic about hands that look red, coarse—*dishpan?*

Yours needn't! They can stay soft and lovely in spite of dishwashing, if you use Lux.

Harsh soaps coarsen and dry the skin, while Lux keeps it smooth and white. Lux has no harmful alkali—gives hands beauty care. Use the economical big box.

LUX

ends dishpan hands...

WOMEN!

Read the Truth About

Kurb TABLETS

— new help for your trying days

● Every woman should know about Kurb Tablets — a worthy companion to other famous Kotex products. We make no extravagant claims but tell you simply, truthfully, why we believe you will want to use Kurb.

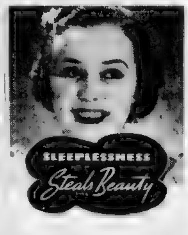
Designed to lessen discomfort caused by menstruation, simple headaches or muscular pain, Kurb is a most effective aid for trying days. The formula is plainly printed on the box, so you may readily check it with your own doctor.

We urge you to try Kurb Tablets — see how quickly they help you. The convenient purse-size container holds a full dozen, yet costs only 25 cents at all drug counters.

Act at once — we'll send you a sample supply FREE! Simply send your name and address, on a postcard, to Kurb, Room 1481, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

IN PURSE-SIZE CONTAINER... ONLY 25¢

Sponsored by the makers of Kotex* Sanitary Napkins



SLEEPLESSNESS *Steals Beauty*

Lack of sleep frequently etches needless lines into beautiful faces. Needless, because sleeplessness is often caused by constipation, as are also loss of appetite, mental dullness, nervousness, the aggravation of skin blemishes.

Keep regular. Don't let more than a day go by without proper elimination. Use Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets. This famous laxative has been the choice of millions of people during a generation. It does not shock the intestinal system. *It stimulates the liver's secretion of bile, without the discomfort of drastic or irritating drugs.* Get Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets at your druggist, 15¢, 30¢, 60¢.

INTENSELY interesting articles on popular science appear regularly in this and other issues of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY. You will find an unending stream of thrilling narratives in this great magazine!

YOU'LL DANCE FOR JOY When Corns Go ROOT* AND ALL

NO NEED to risk dangerous home paring methods that only affect the surface of a corn—leave the root to come back bigger, uglier, more painful than ever. Now you can remove corns safely, quickly, easily with the new better Blue-Jay double-action method that stops pain instantly, by removing pressure. Then in 3 short days the corn lifts out root and all (exceptionally stubborn cases may require a second application). Blue-Jay is a tiny medicated plaster. Safe, effective, easy to use. Don't take chances with untried methods. Try Blue-Jay today. 25¢ for 6. Same price in Canada.

New modern method removes CORNS quickly—safely

BAUER & BLACK BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS

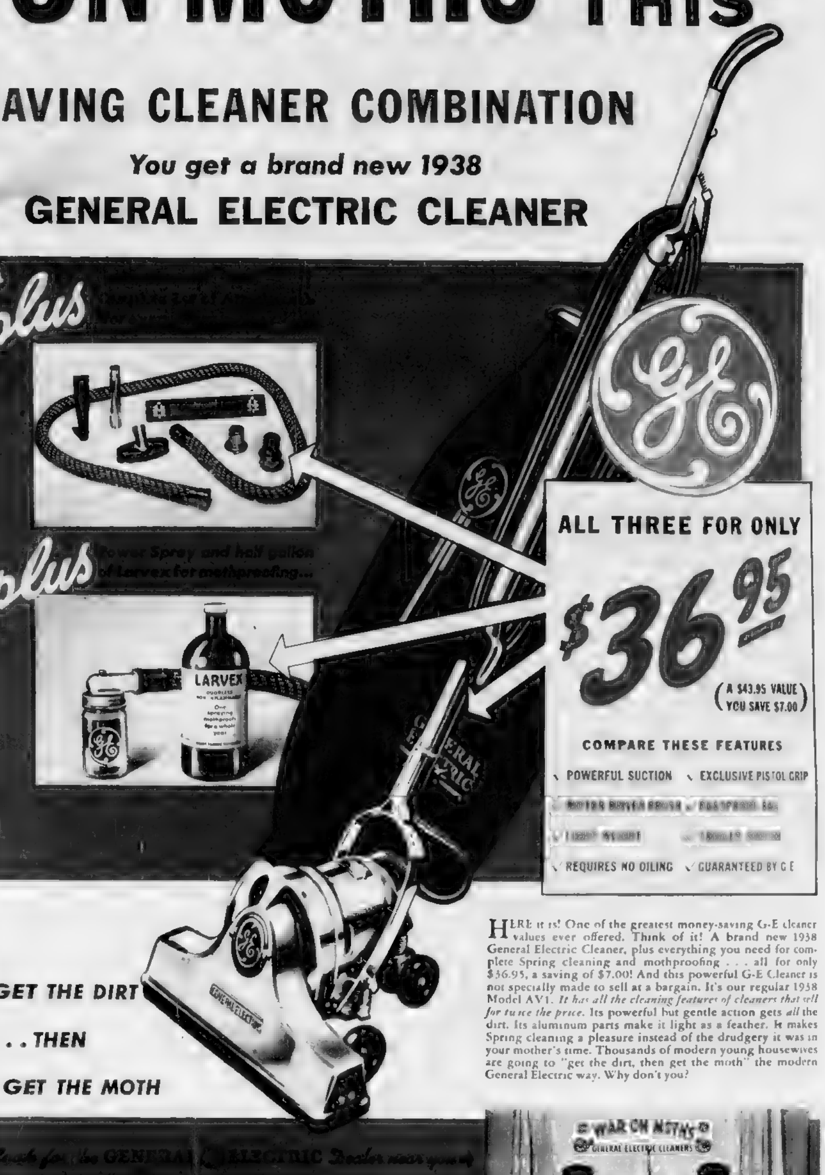
REMOVE CORNS ROOT AND ALL

WAR ON MOTHS WITH THIS

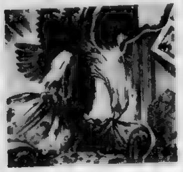
MONEY SAVING CLEANER COMBINATION

You get a brand new 1938

GENERAL ELECTRIC CLEANER


plus
Complete Set of Attachments [illegible]
plus
Power Spray and half gallon of Larvex for mothproofing...
LARVEX
GENERAL ELECTRIC

IF MOTHS WERE AS BIG AS EAGLES



Gigantic in their individual size, America's eagles gathered in mass assembly before your eyes would be a puny spectacle beside a mobilization of the moths that threaten America's homes this year—today—*now!* You'd desperately prepare against such swooping destroyers, flying through your house, nipping with talons and tearing with beaks. Silently, invisibly, in millions of homes, tiny moth worms are actually doing much greater damage.

IF MOTH WORMS WERE PRAIRIE DOG SIZE

Working an 8-hour day, and eating as he goes, the mothworm travels 64 feet a day! That's more than seven times across the width of your 9 x 12 rug—faster, for his size, than the prairie dog burrows out where no harm is done! Clothing, upholstery, carpets, blankets are all eaten by moth worms—but not when you protect them with the Larvex-spraying General Electric Cleaner

$200,000,000.00 LOSS IN 1937

As truly as if a truck had backed up to your door and driven away loaded with wool dresses, suits, [illegible] he *cannot* eat Larvex-sprayed woolens This odorless, stainless liquid makes his favorite food inedible

G-E MAKES MOTHPROOFING EASY!

First get the dirt, then get the moth. The G-E Cleaner's triple action cleaning—tapping, sweeping, suction—makes thorough cleaning easy and quick. Then the moth-proofing attachment power-sprays Larvex into every nook and cranny, reaches the dark depths in the fabric pile where moth worms work their wicked worst. Here's complete spring cleaning and at least a year's protection from moths—and all the *work* done for you by [illegible]

ALL THREE FOR ONLY

$36.95

(A $43.95 VALUE YOU SAVE $7.00)

COMPARE THESE FEATURES

- ✓ POWERFUL SUCTION
- ✓ EXCLUSIVE PISTOL GRIP
- ✓ MOTOR DRIVEN BRUSH
- ✓ DUSTPROOF BAG
- ✓ LIGHT WEIGHT
- ✓ [illegible]
- ✓ REQUIRES NO OILING
- ✓ GUARANTEED BY G E

GET THE DIRT

. . . THEN

GET THE MOTH

HERE it is! One of the greatest money-saving G-E cleaner values ever offered. Think of it! A brand new 1938 General Electric Cleaner, plus everything you need for complete Spring cleaning and mothproofing . . . all for only $36.95, a saving of $7.00! And this powerful G-E Cleaner is not specially made to sell at a bargain. It's our regular 1938 Model AV1. *It has all the cleaning features of cleaners that sell for twice the price.* Its powerful but gentle action gets *all* the dirt. Its aluminum parts make it light as a feather. It makes Spring cleaning a pleasure instead of the drudgery it was in your mother's time. Thousands of modern young housewives are going to "get the dirt, then get the moth" the modern General Electric way. Why don't you?

WAR ON MOTHS
GENERAL ELECTRIC CLEANERS
Double Value
CLEANS better and MOTHPROOFS
CLEANING
MOTHS
CAN'T TAKE IT

Look for the GENERAL ELECTRIC Dealer near you

CONNECTICUT

HAZARDVILLE
Amos D. Bridges Sons
NEW LONDON
Modern Electric Co
Spicer Ice & Coal Co.
MANCHESTER
Barstow Radio Co
MOOSUP
[illegible] Sudbury & Sons
DANIELSON
Electric Refrigerator Co
PUTNAM
[illegible] & [illegible]
ROCKVILLE
Pioneer Electric Company
WILLAMANTIC
Jordan Hardware

MAINE

Central Maine Power Co
All Stores
Maine Public Service
All Stores
BANGOR
[illegible] Electric
[illegible]
[illegible] & Tyler
BAR HARBOR
[illegible] Brewer
BLUEHILL
Moor Electric Co
FARMINGTON
Maine Consolidated Power Co.
FORT FAIRFIELD
Fort Fairfield Light & Power
HOULTON
Geo. A. Hall
KENNEBUNK
R. T. Cole
Spiller Electric Co.
MADISON
Madison Electric Works
NORTH ANSON
[illegible]
PORTLAND
[illegible]
RANGELEY
[illegible] Light & Power Co.
RUMFORD
Rumford Falls Light & Power Co.
SANFORD
Connor Electric Shop
1-6 Main Street
VINAL HAVEN
Vinal Haven Light & Power Co.

MASSACHUSETTS

ABINGTON
[illegible]
ADAMS
Paradis Electric Co.
AMHERST
H. E. David
ANDOVER
W. R. Hill
ARLINGTON
J. H. Lane
ASHLAND
Telechron Associates
ATHOL
[illegible]
ATTLEBORO
A. J. La Fortie Supply Co.
BEVERLY
Almy Bigelow & Washburn, Inc.
Samuel Knight Sons Co.
BOSTON
[illegible]
[illegible] Newbury Street
[illegible]
Edward Bass Electric Co.
16 High Street
Haymarket Hardware Co.
5 Washington St
J. B. Hunter Co
60 Summer Street
Kane's Furniture Co.
140 Washington St.
J. G. Kaufman Co.
405 Bromfield Street
A. Marks & Co.
[illegible]
Jordan Marsh Co
(Basement Housewares Dept.)
New England Supply Co.
625 Washington St
C. C. Peter, Inc
[illegible] Boylston St
[illegible] & Fixture Co
[illegible]
R. H. W[illegible]
Washington St
George Yaffee
148 Washington St
Union Electric Supply Co.
[illegible] High Street
BRAINTREE
Warren Radio Co.
BROCKTON
Forsberg Electric Co.
783 Main Street
General Electric Shop
32 Main St
Robinson Home Appliances
72 Main Street
[illegible]
BROOKLINE
Brookline Music Co.
23 Harvard St
Norfolk Electric Co.
[illegible] Harvard St
Ben Stevenson
24 Harvard Street
CAMBRIDGE
Clark & Mills Electric Co.
[illegible]
Ideal Furniture Co
[illegible] Cambridge St
Harvard Cooperative Society
Harvard Square
[illegible]
618 Cambridge St
Kane's Furniture Co
[illegible] Massachusetts Ave.
Suffolk Furniture Co.
[illegible] Cambridge St.
R. H. White Co
CANTON
Henry E. Holmes
CHARLESTOWN
Hart Furniture Co.
248 Main Street
CHELSEA
Gilman Brothers
69 Washington Ave
Miller Radio & Refrigeration Co.
351 Broadway
Seeley's Inc
119 Park St
CHICOPEE
[illegible] Electric Appliance
CONCORD
Lawton & Lufkin
DORCHESTER
Aiken Furniture Co
Courtney Hardware Co.
[illegible]
[illegible]
DUXBURY
[illegible]
EAST BOSTON
[illegible] Inc
[illegible] & Sons, Inc.
Maverick Radio Co.
Times Electric Co.
EASTHAMPTON
Manchester Forbes Co
EVERETT
Olson's Electric Shop
FAIRHAVEN
Day's Electric
FALL RIVER
Arcour's Radio
Feldman Brothers
Horvitz Furniture & Radio Co.
Standard Co.
FITCHBURG
Washington Jewelry Co.
FOXBORO
Fuller Bros
GARDNER
S. Harold Lent
GLOUCESTER
William G. Brown Co.
GREENFIELD
Week Electric Shop
HARWICH
Donald T. Barry
HAVERHILL
Atherton Furniture Co
Fontaine Service, Inc.
HINGHAM
F. F. Bickford
[illegible] Radio & Electric Co.
HUDSON
Hudson Electric Appliance Co.
HOLYOKE
Kane Furniture Co
J. W. [illegible] & Electrical
Preston & Bishop, Inc.
Ned Squire
HYANNIS
Dyer Electric Co
Hyannis Hardware Co.
HYDE PARK
Clark Appliance Shop
Kane's Furniture Co.
The Waterman Co.
LAWRENCE
Korbey Heating and Oil Co.
M. J. Sullivan, Inc.
LEOMINSTER
M. Santelli
LOWELL
Gamman [illegible]
LYNN
[illegible]
P. B. Ma[illegible] Inc
C. Y. Stackpole & Son
MALDEN
Bliss & Sage Electrical Co.
Geegan & Sherman
Kane's Furniture Co.
MALDEN (Continued)
J. I. Kolzen
Jack Rau[illegible] Co
J. B. Ruderman & Son
Suffolk Electric Shop
MANSFIELD
Mansfield Electric Co.
C. E. O'Malley
MARLBORO
[illegible]
MARION
Washburn Elec. Co.
MAYNARD
Connor Coolers
MEDFORD
J. M. Maxwell
J. B. Ruderman & Son
MELROSE
J. B. Ruderman & Son
MIDDLEBORO
Home Appliance Sales
MILFORD
Spencer Sales & Service
NANTUCKET
Nantucket Gas & Elec. Co.
Swallow Electric Co.
NATICK
L. M. Tozier
NEW BEDFORD
Gallagan Brothers Furniture Co.
Great Furniture Co
Hawes Electric Co
[illegible]
Kaplan Bros. Furniture Co.
No. End Refrigeration Co.
R. E. Robitaille Inc
Sheerin & O'Brien
South End Gas & Electric Appliance Co.
Standard Electrical Co.
NEWTON HIGHLANDS
Highland Supply Co.
NORTH ADAMS
Smith Donovan, Inc
NORTHAMPTON
McCallums Dept. Store
Parsons Electric Shop
NORTH ATTLEBORO
Harvey W. Gay
NO. HATFIELD
R. W. Wolfram
NORFOLK DOWNS
M[illegible] Radio Co.
PALMER
Faulkner Hardware
PEABODY
Peabody Electric Appliance Co.
PITTSFIELD
Elm Street Electric Supply
PLYMOUTH
Millman Electric Co.
Plymouth Home Service
QUINCY
Joe Loyie
Granite Furniture Co.
Harry G. Ma[illegible]
Kane's Furniture Co
Robinson Home Utility
READING
Municipal Light Dept.
REVERE
Colonial Furniture Co.
Revere Radio & Appliance Co.
ROCKLAND
A. H. Robbins Co.
Wain Silbaum Bros.
ROXBURY
Frank Ferdinand, Inc.
SALEM
Empire Appliance Co
Muller Music and Furniture Co.
SHELBURNE FALLS
Schaeas Electric Shop
SOUTH BOSTON
Roland Kelvirtis & Co
The James Ellis Furniture Co.
SOUTH DEERFIELD
C. E. Parsons
SPRINGFIELD
Albert Radio & Electrical
[illegible]
Freedman Radio & Electrical
Griswold Co
Kane Furniture Co.
SOUTHBRIDGE
Metro Brothers
STOCKBRIDGE
Irving Markham
STOUGHTON
Stoughton Electric Co.
TAUNTON
Bostock Furniture Co
Dana Furniture Company
DeSilva Electric Co
Goldstein, Austine & Wells
Home Appliance Sales
[illegible]
[illegible]
Rosen[illegible] Radio & Specialty Store
WAKEFIELD
Burdett Electric Co
WALPOLE
Meagher Store
WALTHAM
Beecher Electric Co.
Gray's Furniture Co.
Jordan Furniture Co.
Kane's Furniture Co
WALTHAM (Continued)
Parke Snow, Inc
Washington Jewelry Co
WAREHAM
Geo. E. Cornwell & Sons
WATERTOWN
Hawes Electric Co.
WEBSTER
XL Radio Co
WELLESLEY
Electric Sales & [illegible]
WESTBORO
C. B. Borden
WESTFIELD
Carroll & Grebern
WEST ROXBURY
Center Hardware Co.
WHITINSVILLE
H. G. Benoit
WINCHENDON
Beckwith Radio Sales
WINCHESTER
Park Radio Co.
WORCESTER
Howard H. Amidon
Barnard Sumner & Putnam
Gauthier's Radio Shop
Glenwood Furniture Co
[illegible]
[illegible]
VINEYARD HAVEN
George W. C[illegible]

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Twin State Gas & Electric Co
All Stores
Public Service Company of N. H.
All Stores
CLAREMONT
W. F. Sweeney Co
DOVER
E. D. Sanborn
HANOVER
[illegible]
KEENE
J. R. Geddes
LACONIA
[illegible]
LEBANON
[illegible]
LITTLETON
[illegible]
MANCHESTER
A. A. Monnet Furniture Co.
J. J. Moreau & Son
NASHUA
Electric Engineering & Appliance Co.
W. L. Nutting, Inc

RHODE ISLAND

BRISTOL
Charles Palage
CRANSTON
C. L. Darfee
NEWPORT
Edwin Scoville
PASCOAG
[illegible] Co
PAWTUCKET
[illegible] Seastenburg's
PROVIDENCE
[illegible]
WARREN
[illegible]
WESTERLY
[illegible]

VERMONT

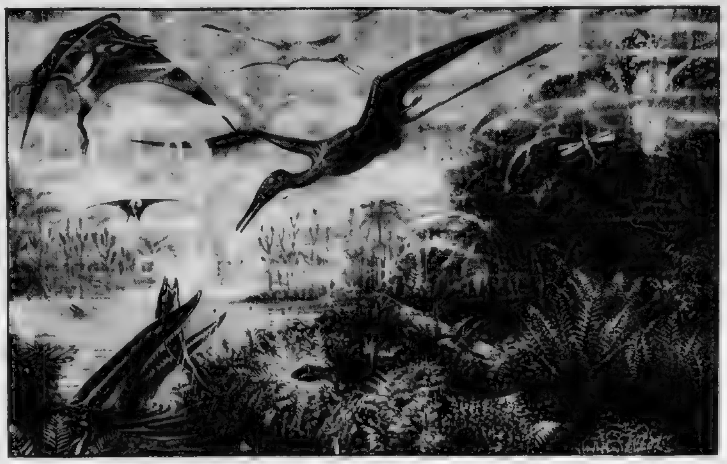
The Green Mountain P[illegible]
All Stores
BELLOWS FALLS
[illegible]
BENNINGTON
[illegible]
BURLINGTON
W. G. Reynolds
CHESTER
W. E. W[illegible]
FAIRHAVEN
Roberts Brothers
MANCHESTER CTR.
E. J. Markey
MONTPELIER
Dwinell Hardware Co.
NORTHFIELD
Charles L. Prescott
ORWELL
Joseph Dundon
RANDOLPH
Scribner's Radio Shop
SPRINGFIELD
[illegible]
[illegible] Furniture Co.
SWANTON
[illegible]
WEST WOODSTOCK
[illegible]
WINDSOR
[illegible]
WOODSVILLE
[illegible]

ARK OF FIRE

A Story of the Year 1980—And the Warped Genius Who Decided to Wipe Out War, Crime and Disease by a Flood of Solar Flame

By JOHN HAWKINS

(Continued from Page 12)



The Earth's Surface as It Probably Appeared Back in the Carboniferous Age—a World of Gigantic Ferns, Steaming Jungles, Enormous Insects and Grotesque, Toothed Birds. Such Terrific Solar Heat as That to Which De Spain Subjects the Earth Might Well Cause a Reversion to Something Resembling the Carboniferous Age.

of him. If he could say enough to warn

"Steady!" O'Day's taut whisper came from behind

Steady! Sweat started on Hill's back A bitter inner voice whispered through his mind. "They'd hate you if they knew. Even Penny would hate a coward!"

"-till death do you part"

What a hollow mockery that was! Today, tomorrow. A bare handful of seconds, that's all they had left. Seconds. Time for a smile. A little bright laughter

Gentle, age-old words "I now pronounce you man and wife"

They were smiling at him then. Hill swayed. "Lots of luck you two. All the best. You've got it coming"

"Sure" Forbes grinned "We've got the house all picked out, and as soon as this heat wave's over we'll get some time off."

Ridges of muscles worked along the clean line of Hill's jaw "Right, mugs, but how am I going to kiss the bride?"

"You're not, guy. Why do you think I fixed it this way?" Forbes turned. "Look" He held up a fat bottle "Wine, a hundred years old Sorry, I can't reach you. But listen, you get a glass of wine there We can still drink our toast

Hill heard himself saying 'That's right if you'll just wait a minute

Here, son O'Day was beside him, pushing a thin-stemmed glass into his hand

Their laughter and voices reached Hill like something from a dream The cork popped, and sparkling wine splashed into two glasses. It was Penny who spoke, eyes shining

May you live forever .."

The words were flat and bitter on Hill's lips, "May you live forever "

Softly spoken, the toast seemed to roll like a thunderclap through the small room "May you live forever, and I never die'

Forever! The wine glass shattered in Hill's contracting hand He didn't feel the pain as the glass ripped the flesh, nor the quick warm flow of blood

A month and Washington would be a smoking ruin. A month and the living would be wasted skeletons Penny would

So long, fella." Forbes' hand came up in a half salute. "We're covering the President's speech tonight at eight-thirty. You might catch it, I'll be on the controls."

"I will" Hill forced a smile "So long "

Their faces blurred and faded. Hill swore, deep harsh curses that welled up from deep in his throat

THE recreation room was jammed when Hill and O'Day came in, five minutes before the speech was due. Chairs and lounges had been pushed into rows, and every seat was taken. Two sound engineers raised the screens so they would be visible from all over the room

The hum of voices died when the screens came to life. Three walls, a desk and a single man were pictured there. A big man, whose good-boned, clean-jawed face was known to every American. James G. Kingston, the President of the United States

The image grew, until only Kingston's face showed upon the screens. Pain lines bracketed his mouth, webbed the skin around his eyes. His lips were tight grey

"Never, since the beginning of life upon this globe, has any man had a more hopeless message to give his fellow men" His voice was throaty low the voice of a man fighting to control raw nerves "Two months ago we first had word of an impending disaster, so great that it was beyond belief I deliberately withheld that information until it could be checked

"It has been checked, and found to be horribly true This is the first public announcement and if what I have to say seems impossible, remember this every scientist in the world confirms our findings

Two months ago the earth deviated from the orbit it had used for countless millions of years in its course around the sun That tiny deviation was noticed at once by our astronomers who reported it to me Each successive day has made it only too plain what the ultimate result will be. There is no need, here to go into the actual figures. It is sufficient to say that the earth's new course will take it much closer to the sun than ever before. So close that the temperature will rise to unlivable heights'

Unlivable heights! Those two words alone forecast the end of the human race The end of all life on the face of this planet Our human bodies cannot withstand temperatures of six hundred degrees—and those temperatures will be common, before another sixty days have passed"

The big room was so quiet that Kingston's breathing was audible from the newscasting screens

Swiftly the thought went through Hill's mind that, after all, men might find refuge in the deep caverns under earth sealed by the solar fire though they might be.. And might not life continue there? No one really knew the limits of life's adaptability He had heard some great biologist say there might even be life on burning Mercury—so close to the sun, strange salamander creatures, maybe even partly human in shape which crept out of the fissures and basked in those fiery rays under which the surface of earth and all on it would shrivel

There might be swift developments of evolution in those underground people if they did not dare—as certainly they would not dare—come to earth's surface after De Spain had wreaked his will...queer evolutionary developments giving eyes that would see in the dark and bodies distorted from the human to cope with the new conditions.

The voice of Kingston checked the fantastic visions rushing through his mind and dissipated them

"You, within the reach of my voice will find this hard to believe at first. It is true in every detail

"This message will be repeated throughout the world, by the governing heads of the various countries, within the next twenty-four hours. There will be fear, of course, for never before has man faced extinction. I can only ask you, all of you, to meet this disaster with courage. We cannot live, for the heat will kill all life upon the face of the earth. I repeat: The heat will kill all life upon the face of the earth

"Tonight, at midnight, the United States of America goes under Military Law. This step is necessary to make first-aid at all times available, and to maintain order

"The first task faced by the Army is the evacuation of all seaport cities on both coasts Tides will grow constantly higher in the next month. All people living in the coast States will be moved inland to giant concentration camps

"The volume of detail involved in this mass movement is too great to mention here, and my time is needed in the forming of still other plans. Hourly bulletins will be released from Washington, and any new developments will be announced in these

I regret that I cannot " President Kingston's voice broke and for a full moment there was only the faint sound of static Then, 'I regret that there is no word of encouragement that I can add We as a race, are doomed, as are all the other peoples of this world If we can't live—" Kingston's shoulders came up, his eyes shone "—then we can at least die like Americans'"

The silence that gripped the room was like a pressure calling for release Somewhere near the wall a man said, "God'" And then the tall dark man in the uniform of a flyer laughed Harsh laughter, that rang loud in the hot quiet

O'Day said "That damn Borsi, somebody ought to wring his neck'"

Strident voices welled up from a dozen places in the room Shut up' Stop that, you "

Borsi was on his feet. "'All life upon the face of the earth!' That's good, and those guys are supposed to be smart'"

Quiet' Quiet '

The roaring voice of the screen brought every head swinging to face the sound and the new image that looked out at them

Hill started up, but O'Day's big hand caught his shoulder jammed him back in his seat Don't be a fool'

Hill's eyes never left that hated face upon the screen White hair, pointed chin, and the wide, straight-lipped mouth

Alpha De Spain'

Utter quiet then, as though a mighty hand had choked off all sound at its source

"This is the time for statements," De Spain said quietly 'So I, too, will make one You, the four thousand people within the Ark, are the only living beings upon this earth who will not die in the next four months You should appreciate this fact, and most of you do. However, it also seems reasonable that some few of you have changed your ideas since you arrived here I wish those few would speak—now"

Steven Hill had only started to move when O'Day's weight pinned him to his seat

'It's a trap'" the big man whispered "Watch yourself"

'I do! I object'" The speaker was a tall, blond sound engineer on the far side of the room. "You can't make yourself God! You can't murder millions of people without..."

Waves of thunderous sound burst in the room. Fifty, a hundred pairs of hands reached for the tall man. Other voices broke out on the floor. "He's right' De Spain isn't God! Why should he..."

Answering cries. "Throw them out! Put them outside, and let them die with the rest'"

A solid wedge of bright green uniforms split the churning crowd as a squad of armed guards poured into the room The wicked black glitter of a Delta gun showed in the hands of the leader. They split, with machine-like precision, half of them plowing through to the knot of men who had the tall engineer back against the wall. The others sifted through the crowd

One minute. Two The guards were moving back toward the door. A dozen or more prisoners went with them

Hill's eyes came back to the screen. De Spain hadn't moved His pointed chin still touched the silken scarf knotted around his throat, and the same half smile still curved his lips. Complete quiet had returned before he spoke

"I am glad to find that there are still men who are able to form opinions for themselves I am looking forward to talking to each of them"

Drooping lids veiled the green fire in his eyes. "Return to your quarters at once. All further orders will be issued by the usual method"

CHAPTER IX.

Two Against De Spain.

STEVEN HILL waited only until he and O'Day were in their quarters before he asked

What will De Spain do with those men, Brian? How did he know there would be protests?"

I don't know what he'll do with them O'Day sat on a chair arm 'I'd hate to be in their shoes Ian Kurtz started it in our recreation hall, poor guy '

'You mean '

O'Day shrugged "I don't know De Spain works that way Remember, this is only one of the barracks. There are seven others. Three more for men, and the rest for women. De Spain must have had a squad of guards waiting outside the door on each level. He's smart, that guy, plenty smart"

"Kurtz didn't say it that way He said De Spain thought he was God. Look what happened to Kurtz."

O'Day said, "Kurtz was hysterical He was just shouting" He shrugged out of his jacket 'Better get some sleep, Steve you'll have plenty to do tomorrow'

'That wasn't hysteria," Hill said slowly, "it was just damn clear thinking'"

He turned away began to undress

A quizzical light came into O'Day's eyes, but he didn't speak

After the light was out, Hill lay staring, open-eyed, into the darkness Like pictures on a screen, he saw again the events of the past week. Terry's death Jay and Penny's wedding, and the cold, smooth mask of De Spain's face

The darkness became alive, peopled with wasted shapes. Heat victims, whose shadow-thin bodies and sunken cheeks were too real Whispering murmurs that might have been faint cries of: "Water—please, for the love of God—water'"

Next week' Next month' The shadow of things to come!

'Steve'"

Hill's raw nerves jerked at the sound He made his voice low Yes?'

O'Day's cigarette-lighter snapped into flame 'I wondered if you were awake Listen Steve what did you mean about that clear thinking business?"

De Spain calls this the Ark Hill said in a thin, dry voice That comes from the Bible He's got pairs of everything—the same as Noah had. Then there's the Twelve—remember the twelve Apostles?—with De Spain as the final authority. That parallel is no accident."

"Wait a minute!" O'Day whispered, "it doesn't stop there. It goes further. I've forgotten—it's been too many years—but isn't there a phrase in the Bible somewhere that says the world will be destroyed by fire?"

Hill said. "Yes, there is '

Then he does think he's God' He's fixed it so it comes out that way The Twelve...The Ark The Fire''

For a long time there was only the sound of O'Day's heavy breathing

'You see now" Hill said softly, 'why he has to die History is studded with the names of egoists who have tried to play God Each of them was killed. They

(Continued on Page 15)

ALKALIZE

The way to do it is simply take 2 PHILLIPS' tablets

ER-PARDON ME-MUST BE SOMETHING I ATE.
HERE TAKE ONE OF THESE PHILLIPS' TABLETS QUICK IF YOU EVER WANT TO SEE MARY AGAIN.
"Pardon Me" doesn't make others forgive Acid Indigestion

Try the remarkable "PHILLIPS" Way to Relieve Acid Indigestion

Often "acid indigestion" is distressing to you — and offensive to others. But now there is no excuse for being guilty.

You simply carry your *alkalizer* with you — and use it at the first sign of "upset" stomach. Simply take two tiny tablets of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia when out with others. Or — if at home — you can take two teaspoons of liquid Phillips'. Both act the same way.

Relief is usually a matter of seconds. "Gas," nausea, "heartburn," acid breath — all respond quickly. "Stuffiness" and pains from excess stomach acid are soon relieved with safety. You will quickly notice a remarkable change in the way you feel.

Try the Phillips' method for fast results. You'll say it's wonderful. When going out always carry Phillips' Tablets in the new, flat, purse and vest pocket tin. They taste like peppermint — cost only 25¢ for 30. You slip them in your mouth unnoticed. Tablets and liquid both act the same.

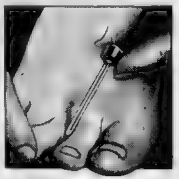
TO CARRY WITH YOU

Now made in tiny tablets — each equivalent to one teaspoonful of genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA

FRECKLES ... from BITING SPRING WINDS?
Call Othine, "to the rescue." If the use of one jar of this dainty cream does not please you, your money will be refunded. For over 25 years, a faithful friend of freckled folks.
FRECKLES
OTHINE DOUBLE STRENGTH
Bleaches the Skin

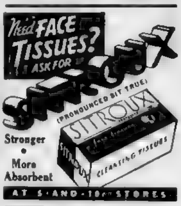
AT DRUG AND DEPARTMENT STORES



Corns between toes

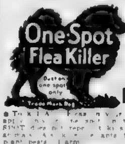
Those terribly mean corns between the toes that seem to defy all treatment —they're as easily removable as any other with FREEZONE! A few drops of FREEZONE put the corn to sleep. Pain is deadened, and in a few days the corn becomes so loose that you can actually lift it out with your fingers Hard corns or soft corns yield to FREEZONE. All druggists sell

FREEZONE



Stronger • More Absorbent

AT 5-AND-10¢ STORES



Kills ALL the Fleas

GUARANTEED by Good Housekeeping

COLOR YOUR HAIR THE NEW FRENCH WAY

SHAMPO KOLOR ... Valligny Products, Inc., Dept 75-D, 254 West 31st St., New York, N Y

NOTHING ELSE LIKE IT! HOLDS FALSE TEETH LONGER

Your druggist today. Made by the makers of Stera Kleen. Money back if not delighted. For free sample, write The Phillips & Benjamin Co. Dept. AW Waterbury Connecticut

STAZE HOLDS FALSE TEETH FIRM

BURNING BLEMISHES HURT

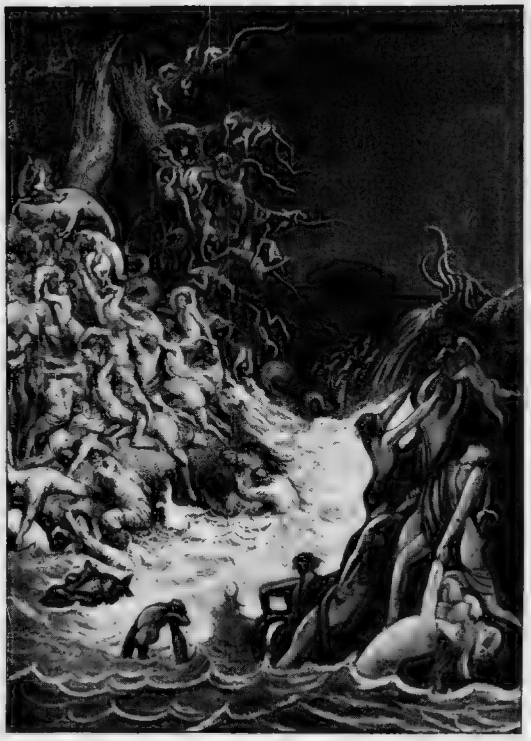
IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE • • •

They hurt your pride, your assurance, your chances for success. And it's all so needless! Cuticura Soap and Ointment will help cleanse the skin of impurities, relieve pimples, rashes and other externally caused blemishes—and do much to impart new freshness, fineness and loveliness to your complexion. Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Buy Cuticura Soap and Ointment at your druggist's today. Soap 25¢ Ointment 25¢ For FREE sample, write to Cuticura, Dept 87, Malden, Mass.

IRRITATION
NO DATES
WORRY
EMBARRASSMENT

CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT

ARK OF FIRE By JOHN HAWKINS



"THE DELUGE." By the Great Imaginative Artist, Dore. Here Is Shown the Last of Humanity Struggling for Foothold on the Highest Mountain Peaks and Competing for Place with Animals, While the Ark Tranquilly Floats in the Distance. A Scene Which Might Well Occur if the Diabolical Scheme of Alpha de Spain Should Ever Come to Pass.

(Continued from Page 14)

had to be killed, before they destroyed everything around them."

"Yes—" O'Day sat up. "What what kind of a plan did you have?"

"I didn't have all the details worked out." Quick hope tightened Hill's throat. With O'Day's help, it might be possible. Without it .. "I've found a place where I can cut into the speaker line. Then I'll use a voice-distorter in front of the microphone and that way no one will ever know it isn't the regular announcer speaking."

"Will they hear that announcement on 'A' Level?"

"No. I can take care of that, too. But I haven't found the elevator motors yet, and I haven't got a gun."

O'Day said "You couldn't swing it alone. You'd have to have someone on the elevator cut-in to bring the elevator to 'B' Level when you needed it. One man could never do the whole job."

"Right."

Silence again—a heavy, oppressive silence. Once, in the next five minutes, O'Day spoke. Low murmurous words that sounded like, "And fire destroys ."

More waiting. Sweat crawled on Hill's flesh. The radiant second hand made three trips around the dial of the wall clock.

"You know De Spain's got detector eyes up there, and rays we've never heard of. It'd be easier to get into the U. S. Mint with a cold chisel. You know what will happen if you miss?"

Hill said: "A [illegible] can only die."

"I think I can get the gun. The guards in the armory have seen [illegible] around so much they don't pay much attention any more."

"Fine."

"But listen Steve, I won't come in at all unless I come in for half. I'll match coins with you, or play Sho-jet for high [illegible]. The winner rides the elevator up to De Spain's level!"

"Sorry, but the answer to that is no! I'm the guy who figured this out and I can work it alone—except for the elevator gun. If you went up and missed they'd still hook me. They'd get me when they started to check back. If I go, it will leave you in the clear. Then, if I miss you will get another chance. See?"

"But—"

"That's it," Hill said. "I'll fix a turntable and a recording of the order. I'll use a time-clock so that neither of us has to be near it. There's still the elevator and the gun—"

"You've got Irish luck," O'Day said thinly. "Maybe you can get away with it. I'll show you where the motors for the elevators are, and I'll get you the gun tomorrow. And if you miss, I won't. I'll get a handful of grenades and hell, that won't work either. He's got Omicron metal a foot thick around his quarters."

[illegible] said, "Thanks, Brian. I knew you were white." Their hands met in the darkness, clung in a crushing grip.

"Maybe," O'Day whispered. "I can remember how to pray."

STEVEN HILL made the cut in the speaker line the next afternoon. Made it in minutes snatched from a job he was supervising on the level below. Once he turned to find an armed guard watching him. His breath froze in his throat then, but he managed a casual "Hello." The guard didn't give him a second glance.

The small transcription turntable Hill made from parts stolen from the sound lab; and the record which carried the order was made the same way.

Hill ran a pick-up wire from the speaker line to a small closet where he had set up the turntable. The record was already in place. He had but to pick the day, and set the clock. Then the speakers would roar: "Steven Hill to 'A' Level, at ten-twelve!"

The elevator controls presented more difficulty. A hundred times Hill took his life in his two hands, as he leaned out into the shaft. Any wrong move would bring death. High-voltage wires on each side of him, the danger of the elevator dropping, bullet-like, at any second.

Even a guard could wreck the plan by merely finding Hill near the shaft. They all knew now, that his job was sound, not juice!

The third night, Hill and O'Day made the final plans.

"I've reported sick," the Irishman said. "That leaves me in the clear to handle the elevator controls. The gun's in my closet. I checked the clip, and it's ready. Anything else?"

"No. The order will come over at ten-fourteen. You open the switch at ten-eighteen, and close it when the light shows red. Then get plenty far away."

"Good luck, Steve." O'Day's voice was husky. "I'll clean up what you miss, but but hell you ain't goin' to miss."

"It's on the laps of the gods."

It was. Hill knew it better than anyone else possibly could. Fifty things could go wrong. If they were using the speakers when his message came on! If the small elevator was in use when O'Day opened the switch! If.. Hill stared into the dark[illegible] and his own words echoed hollowly through his mind.

"A man can only die."

The nervous tension was even greater in the morning and it grew through each successive hour. At ten o'clock the hourly bulletin from Washington came on, at ten-o-six three orders from 'A' Level.

Minutes then; mounting tension gripped Hill's throat, and the sweat ran cold on his back.

One minute left! Thirty seconds ..fifteen seconds .

Zero!

The booming voice of the speakers. "Steven Hill to 'A' Level at ten-eighteen. Steven Hill to 'A' Level at ten-eighteen."

Hill turned to the man beside him. He heard his own harsh voice say, "Here's the test set. I guess that's all for me."

Ten-sixteen! Hill turned from the closet, tucked the fat-barreled Delta gun in his waistband. Three or four minutes now and it would be all over. Either he or De Spain would be dead!

He, or De Spain...The second-hand crawled up the clock face. Ten-seventeen! Hill opened the door.

Down the gleaming corridor his heels thudding into the matting. The tension had vanished now, and an odd coolness held him—as though he was an observer, watching someone else stake his life on a whim of chance.

He had nearly reached the elevator when the tall man stepped out of the side corridor, came toward him. Jan Kurtz! Hill had one glimpse of the tall man's pallid face, one glimpse of wide, glazed eyes. No, not eyes, for the whole pupil was a strange dull red.

Hill wondered about it, briefly. Why hadn't Kurtz spoken? What had De Spain done to him for his shouted protest? A grim smile bent Hill's lips. At least, Kurtz was still alive!

Ten-eighteen! The elevator doors yawned wide. Seconds now! He had the gun in his hand before the clang of the closing doors died away. There was the jolting shock as the elevator rocketed up. A snap, and then Hill was looking down the blue-walled corridor.

Now! A dozen steps down that hall, a turn to the right, and he would be in De Spain's quarters. Would be holding the trigger flat, while the gun bucked and spat in his hand. Then—

Hill moved, listening tensely for the first sound. Somewhere in this hall the detector eyes would rake over him, and find the Delta gun. Switches behind the wall would click silently into place and start the alarms. Then it depended on speed alone!

He was just short of the archway when he heard the muted peal of a bell somewhere ahead of him.

Hill ran, a bleak curse springing to his lips. Lashing strides carried him up the short flight of stairs, and headlong into De Spain's quarters.

De Spain was alone in the room. It was as though he hadn't moved since Hill had last seen him here. He was leaning forward in his chair, his elbows propped on the smooth wood. The cold mask of his face held no expression.

"You wished to see me?" De Spain's voice was almost casual.

There was an unworried sureness about De Spain that started doubt ticking through Hill's mind as he swung the Delta gun up. Doubt that vanished as he jerked the trigger flat and a pale flame spouted from the gun-snout.

A frantic heart beat, while hope burned white-hot deep inside Hill. A heart-beat while half the fifty-shot clip spewed out through the barrel — and nothing happened!

De Spain hadn't moved. His smooth pale face was still expressionless—but his whole image had become vague, like an image fading from a news-screen. Hill was moving before he realized what had happened.

There was a wall between them. A transparent wall which had neatly blocked the room, and which was invisible until the Delta slugs had scarred its surface.

Two steps and De Spain's voice rang out loud in his ears. "So you would kill the man who gave you a chance to live?"

Hill was against the wall now, his hand flat on its glass-smooth surface. Maybe if he pushed the gun-snout hard against the wall, a few of the bullets might get through. Maybe—

His head was roaring then, and De Spain's image swelled and shrank. White fog seemed to be rolling up from the floor. The gun hung straight down at his side and its weight was too great for him to raise. He swayed there swearing helplessly, while the floor tilted and then leaped up to meet him.

The roaring was still in his brain when he struggled back to a pain-filled consciousness. He saw De Spain first, still seated at the table, flanked on each side by two big guards. He tried to smile then, at another face dimly visible in the background. Penny—no, Theta De Spain!

Something stung his nostrils. Things were suddenly very clear in the room. The pain in his shoulders was real, was caused by the biting fingers of the two men who held him erect.

"I am sorry, Mr. Hill," De Spain purred, "that our hospitality isn't what it might be. But we are equipped to take care of visitors of every kind. We knew you were coming yesterday when you cut into the elevator controls. The rest was simple."

Hill squared his shoulders. "To hell with that!" he said bitterly. "I tried to kill you, and failed. Maybe the next man will fail too, but there'll be another man following him. Always, you can look forward to that. They'll never stop trying, until you are dead!"

De Spain leaned forward, his words barely audible. "Take this swine out and shoot him!"

"Come on you." A guard jerked at Hill's shoulder, spun him around. "You an' me've got an appointment."

Hill twisted his face back, hatred lined his taut speech. "You mad fool! Correct the damage you've done while you're still alive to do it! You'll never live to start your new world!"

For the first time, De Spain's expression changed. A thin smile curved his wide mouth. "Wait a minute. This young man seems to have courage, and that foolish quality is always entertaining. I don't think I'll have him shot just yet."

He leaned back in his chair, nodded slowly. "No, Hill. I have something else in mind for you. Something a great deal more interesting."

Hill spun then, and dived away from the guard. His shirt and jacket ripped from shoulder to waist, and he was free. He rolled to his feet, took one step, and launched himself at De Spain's throat.

A heavy body slammed into him from the side. Something crashed down on his skull. Waves of light and pain burst back of his eyes, and then there was only blackness.

(To Be Continued Next Sunday)

Copyright, 1938, by The American Weekly, Inc. All Rights Reserved.

Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

ALPHA DE SPAIN, world's great[illegible] scientific genius, summons Steven Hill, brilliant class of 1950 graduate of De Spain University, to his stronghold in Montana. In this stronghold, built deep into a mountain, are 2,000 men and 2,000 women selected from the world's best [illegible] and [illegible]. Also in the mountain—which De Spain calls his "Ark"—are many animals and specimens of plant life and enough food and supplies to last for five years. The Ark is protected by a fleet of super bombing planes kept in hangars far below the earth. It is surrounded by an electric fence and manned with anti-aircraft guns. Its governing board consists of De Spain and under him The Twelve, a dozen of the world's greatest minds.

De Spain explains to Hill that the terrible heat wave and attendant hurricanes and tidal waves which have been ravaging the world for two months are caused by the earth's having left its age-old orbit, swinging closer to the sun. [illegible] will be destroyed by sun fire but all within the Ark will be saved to found a new race free from disease, war and class struggle. When Hill is shown over the Ark by Theta, De Spain's daughter, he learns that the scientist had deliberately swung the earth off its orbit by means of [illegible]. [illegible]

Hill and Theta find [illegible] Theta re[illegible] to Erich Borsoff, [illegible] mathematician and member of The Twelve. His forgetting [illegible] De Spain's [illegible] he realizes he has given his plans away to Theta.

Desperate, he knocks out Borsoff, a flier he hates, and taking his place in the [illegible] plane, makes a break for Helena, Montana, but he is prevented from warning Beck, head of Universal Newscasting—an outfit which broadcasts world events in the making over television color news-screens—by Brian O'Day, one of De Spain's fliers who has befriended him. Borsoff, who had joined the chase, returns to the Ark with Hill and O'Day in the latter's plane, his lips sealed by O'Day's threat to tell De Spain that Borsoff had a Delta gun, a dead[illegible] weapon, without permission. O'Day coaches Hill to tell De Spain he didn't know he was not supposed to leave the Ark, that he had seen a plane handy and had gone [illegible] some friends by getting them to join him in the safety of the mountain.

Teeth Reveal Birthplace

"LET me see your teeth and I'll tell you where you come from," may be soon the scientists' way of determining one's birthplace, if the theory submitted by Lieutenant E. A. Waterman, the official Civilian Conservation Corps dentist, proves correct.

Dr. Waterman states that a man's teeth often reveal what part of the United States was his birthplace. His theory is based on information he acquired during a nine month period in which he examined the teeth of about 1,400 CCC boys, natives from 45 States and 11 foreign countries.

From this study the dentist found that the best teeth are owned by people who come from Arkansas and Tennessee, while the worst teeth come from New York, New Jersey and various New England towns.

Dr. Waterman thinks that diet, work and water probably account for the excellence of Southerners' teeth. The leisurely life, he explains, leaves the people of the South more time to enjoy food. Besides, the hard water from the Cumberland Range and the Ozarks containing minerals helps to build up strong teeth.

The dentist blames the high speed of life, the soft food, the lack of exercise and fresh air for the bad teeth of the Easterners.

Honeymoon Tenderness—
Keep it through the years
"Don't let Cosmetic Skin develop— rob YOU of love"
ALL WOMEN WANT LOVE, DON'T THEY? THEN WHY DO SO MANY OF THEM NEGLECT THEIR SKIN!
IT'S WHEN STALE ROUGE AND POWDER AREN'T THOROUGHLY REMOVED THAT COSMETIC SKIN DEVELOPS. YOU CAN GUARD AGAINST IT WITH LUX TOILET SOAP
DOROTHY LAMOUR
PARAMOUNT STAR
SCREEN STARS USE IT BECAUSE IT HAS ACTIVE LATHER—KEEPS SKIN SMOOTH AND SOFT
LUX TOILET SOAP
9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

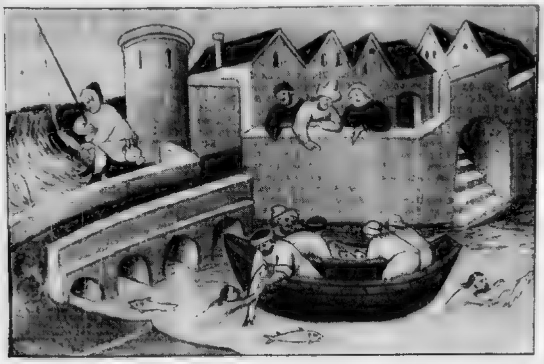
NO MORE CORN PAIN

Safe, Sure Relief In One Minute!

No waiting, no half-way relief when you use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. The instant you apply them, pain is gone—forgotten! These thin, soothing, healing, *Medically Safe* pads stop shoe pressure, prevent corns, sore toes and blisters. The separate *Medication* included in every box quickly removes your corns or callouses. Sizes for Corns, Callouses, Bunions, Soft Corns between toes. Don't accept a substitute. Cost but a trifle. Sold everywhere. Get a box today.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

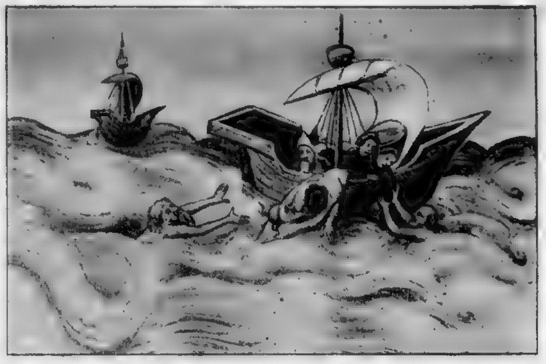
ADVENTURES OF ANCIENT TRAVELERS—



View of the Great City of Casale, Which Others Call Catusale, Showing Swimmers Catching Fish by Hand in Winter in the China Seas. From the Narrative of Odoric De Pordenone.

—On the Right—

Marco Polo in His Travels Tells About the Soldiers of the Great Khan Prevented by the Tremendous Storm from Landing on the Island of Java.



(Continued from Double Page)

go on pilgrimage to this idol, that bear knives in their hands that be [illegible] sharp and always as they go they smite themselves in their arms and in their legs and in their thighs with many hideous wounds and so they shed their blood for love of that idol And others there be that leave their children for to slay to make sacrifice to that idol, and after they have slain they spring the blood upon the idol"

Sir John describes certain ceremonies connected with this idol, which are practically the same as those associated with the Car of Juggernaut This is how he reports them

And ye shall understand that when (there be) great feasts and solemnities of that idol as the country about meet there together And they set this idol upon a car with great reverence well arrayed with cloths of gold of rich cloths of Tartary of Camaka and other precious cloths And they lead him about the city with great solemnity And before the car go first in procession all the maidens of the country two and two together And after those maidens go the pilgrims. And some of them fall down under the wheels of the car, and let the car go over them so that they be dead anon And some have their arms or their limbs all to-broken and some the sides And all this do they for love of their god in great devotion And they thinketh that the more pain and the more tribulation that they suffer for love of their god the more joy they shall have in another world And, shortly to say you, they suffer so great pains, and so hard martyrdoms for love of their idol that a Christian man I trow durst not take upon him the tenth part the pain for love of our Lord Jesus Christ. And after, I say you, before the car, go all the minstrels of the country without number, with diverse instruments, and they make all the melody that they can

"And when they have gone all about the city, then they return again to the minister, and put the idol again into his place And then for the love and in worship of that idol, and the reverence of the feast, they slay themselves, a two hundred or three hundred persons, with sharp knives, of the which they bring the bodies before the idol And then they say that those be saints, because that they slew themselves of their own good will for love of their idol"

Many thrilling tales were told by Sir John concerning supernatural occurrences on the Island of Rhodes in the Mediterranean On this island was a dragon that had been transformed from a fair maiden by the goddess Diana. She was to remain in that form until a knight came who should dare to kiss her on the mouth. Most of the knights fled when they saw her face, whereupon she pursued them and threw them into the sea. At last came a braver knight than the others who dared to kiss her on the mouth and he changed her into her right form and married her and became Lord of the Isle

At another time there was a King of Rhodes who had a palace at Satalie and a beautiful wife whom he loved inordinately She died and he buried her in a magnificent marble tomb, but he loved her so much that he opened her tomb in the night to look upon her, although he was told not to do so by a holy man Then a great adder came out which flew over the city and destroyed it

Marco Polo, who actually spent years in Tartary and China, wrote an account of the wonders of those countries which astonished Europeans but these were embroidered upon and enlarged by Sir John Mandeville and others. Brother Odoric de Pordenone, who was actually in China has described among other incredible things a collection of pigs with human faces kept in a Buddhist convent at Kinsay, believed to be the present city of Hang-tcheou Kinsay was a city of great size and wealth in the Fourteenth Century, as testified by Marco Polo and Brother Odoric may have been confused by its wonders when he wrote about the human-headed pigs. There was a persistent belief in the Middle Ages that men were changed into beasts by magic, and Mandeville confirms this belief He describes a remarkable human menagerie in the island of Mancy in these words

From that city men go by water, solacing and disporting them, til they come to an abbey of monks that is fast by, that be good religious men after their faith and law. In that abbey is a great garden and a fair where be many trees of diverse manner of fruits. And in this garden is a little hill full of delectable trees. In that hill and in that garden be many diverse beasts, as apes, marmosets, baboons and many other diverse beasts. And every day when the convent of this abbey hath eaten, the almoner let bear the relief to the garden, and he smiteth on the garden gate with a cliket of silver that he holdeth in his hand and anon all the beasts of the hills and of diverse places in the garden came out a 3 000 or a 4 000 and they come in guise of poor men, and men give them the relief in fair vessels of silver, clean over-gilt

"And when they have eaten the monk smiteth eftsoons on the garden gate with the cliket, and then anon all the beasts return again to their places that they come from. And they say that these beasts be souls of worthy men that resemble in likeness of those beasts that be fair, and therefore they give them meat for the love of God: and the other beasts that be foul they be souls of poor men and of rude commons And thus they believe, and no man may put them out of this opinion

"These beasts above-said they let take when they be young and nourish them so with alms as many as they may find And I asked them if it had not been better to have given that relief to poor men, rather than to those beasts. And they answered me and said that they had no poor men amongst them in that country and though it had been so that poor men had been among them, yet were it greater alms to give it to those souls that do there their penance. Many other marvels be in that city thereabout, that were too long to tell you."

A very detailed description of Mount Ararat, upon which Noah's ark came to rest after the flood was written by Sir John, intimating that he had seen it and that the ark was still resting there in his time The artist, basing his work on Mandeville's narrative, showed the ark with the animals still looking out of the windows. Mandeville described Mount Ararat as being near the city of Erzeroum and guarded by a Christian monastery One of the monks had a great desire to visit the ark, but when he was three parts of the way up he was so weary that he could go no further, so he rested himself and fell asleep. When he awoke he found himself lying at the foot of the mount, but he had brought one of the planks of the ark with him which was still in the monastery in Mandeville's time

The industrious knight wrote a detailed description of how Alexander the Great constructed a fortification known as the "Iron Gate" at Derbend to keep wild men out of Persia He reported the wild men as running on all fours like dogs, which made very difficult customers for Alexander's soldiers to deal with. It is probably true that Alexander had to hold back the wild tribes in this region to protect his conquest in Persia

The Dead Sea was much more accessible to a European of Mandeville's time than China and the more distant parts of Asia which he described, but his references to this sea prove that he was not very accurate He states that it is 72 miles long and 18 miles wide, whereas it is 46 miles long and 9 miles wide He was aware of its saltness and buoyancy, and he went on to say: "If a man cast iron therein it will float above and if a man cast a feather therein it will sink to the bottom" He stated that nothing could die in the sea and that men who deserved to be dead had been cast therein and left there three or four days but would not die The artist has represented the extensive sea as a small pond, but Mandeville is not responsible for this inaccuracy

Mandeville repeats an ancient legend concerning the "four rivers of the earthly Paradise" as if it were actual fact, although he admits that he was not there Paradise is enclosed with a wall covered with moss and has only one entrance which is closed with fire The four rivers run out of a well in the center to water all the lands of the earth No living man can enter Paradise on account of the wild beasts in the deserts and the high mountains and the seas that surround it No ship can go near it because of the great waves and the tempests that make such a noise that nobody can hear the captain shouting He adds that many great lords have tried to reach Paradise with [illegible] [illegible] blind and others deaf from the noise of the water and many died of weariness

The familiar stories of the feats of Hindu and other Asiatic magicians, asserted with doubtful accuracy by many persons of the present day, were reported by Marco Polo, Mandeville and others, and there is some reason to believe that the modern versions may be at least in part derived from those old stories Brother Jean Hayton says that the magicians of Bactria in Asia can hold themselves up in the air with nothing to support them This of course, is one of the feats often attributed to Hindu magicians today

It is noticeable that several of these ancient travelers spoke of Derbend in Persia, which Alexander the Great is said to have fortified, as a place of great importance Brother Jean Hayton tells how Okotai Khan son of the great Jenghiz Khan, was stopped at Derbend by the wild men In this instance the wild men showed the peculiarity of being covered with hair from head to foot, whereas in Mandeville's narrative they ran on all fours like dogs In any case the travelers agree that there were alarming wild men in this neighborhood

Mandeville gives an account of the stronghold of the Lord of the Assassins who lived by procuring the assassination of any man at a price. He was, of course, a real person whose existence is proved from many sources but Mandeville gives fictitious names to him and his stronghold Mandeville says that the Lord of the Assassins was called Gatholonabes and that his stronghold was called Mistorak, in the land of Prester John Within the walls he had the fairest damsels that could be found and the fairest young men of the same age, and they were all clothed in cloth of gold, and he called them angels. When any good knight came to him he would show him this paradise with the young men disporting themselves with the fair damsels and then he would make them take a certain drink, "whereof they would be drunk"

And then he would say to them that if they would die for him they should come to this paradise after their death." Mandeville says "And if they would slay such a lord or such a man as was his enemy, that they would not dread to be slain themselves for after their deaths he would put them into a paradise that was 100 times fairer than any other, where they should dwell with the fairest damsels that ever lived and be young with them forevermore Thus many brave knights were enlisted to slay great lords in divers countries that were his enemies and were slain themselves in the hope of Paradise"

Sir John concludes that Gatholonabes was destroyed not long before his time

Mandeville's description of Ethiopia is timely in view of present events but cannot be regarded as reliable for military or practical purposes He says that all the rivers and water in Ethiopia are muddy, and also that they are somewhat salty on account of the great heat, which is of course, unreasonable The people are usually slightly drunk have but little appetite for meat and do not live long They have but one foot which is so large that it shades all the body against the sun, and they lie so that it will protect them The people are said to lie all naked in rivers and waters, men and women together without shame from dawn till past noon on account of the great heat

Sir John's description of the land of diamonds in India excited interest for many generations Diamonds were not very familiar to Europeans in his time and it was only during the two centuries that followed him that they gradually came to have their high value. He said that the diamonds in India are commonly found upon rocks in the sea and upon hills where there is gold They grow many together, one little, another great, and some are as big as a bean and some as great as a hasel nut They are square, or pointed, of their own nature without being fashioned by man. They are male and female and nourished with the dew of heaven They bring forth small offspring that multiply and grow all the year

He describes some of the vir-

(Continued on Page 17)

THE PENNZ-OWLS SCAN A STREAMLINER

THERE'S ONE OF THE WORLD'S BIGGEST STREAMLINERS
5400 HORSE-POWER UNDER HER HOOD!
LOOK THEY USE REGULAR PASSENGER-CAR PENNZOIL!
GOLLY, AND LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THESE DIESEL ENGINES
PENNZOIL

THESE TRAINS ARE 3 TIMES AS HARD ON OIL AS A CAR, BUT EXPERTS PICK **PENNZOIL** BECAUSE 3 *EXTRA REFINING STEPS* GIVE IT AN EXTRA-MARGIN-OF-SAFETY BE OIL-WISE, USE THIS LEADING PENNSYLVANIA OIL!

FREE! Brilliant, durable reflector for your car Write Dept. W-2
The Pennzoil Co., Oil City, Pa

THE REAL DOINGS of real life characters—actual names of people and places—are given in the true stories printed in this and other issues of The American Weekly. That is why this magazine is different from other publications—more interesting.

We're a real Lifebuoy family. . . BECAUSE WE'VE FOUND IT'S RISKY TO BANK ON ORDINARY SOAP TO STOP "B.O."

says Mrs. Ursula Sheridan, Brooklyn, N.Y.

"MY HUSBAND CONSIDERS IT PART OF HIS JOB TO BE IMMACULATELY CLEAN HE SAYS 'BATHING WITH LIFEBUOY IS GOOD BUSINESS'
"LIKE ANY WOMAN, I WANT TO BE DAINTY AND ATTRACTIVE TO MY FAMILY AND FRIENDS—SO I USE LIFEBUOY TOO . . .
"EVEN OUR SMALL SON INSISTS ON USING THE SAME SOAP HIS DAD DOES. I'M GLAD OF IT—FOR LIFEBUOY REMOVES GERMS AS WELL AS DIRT AND HELPS KEEP HIM HEALTHY
LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP
Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

THE Sheridan family is just one of millions of American "Lifebuoy families" families who depend on daily Lifebuoy bathing to keep them immaculately fresh — protected against any likelihood of offending

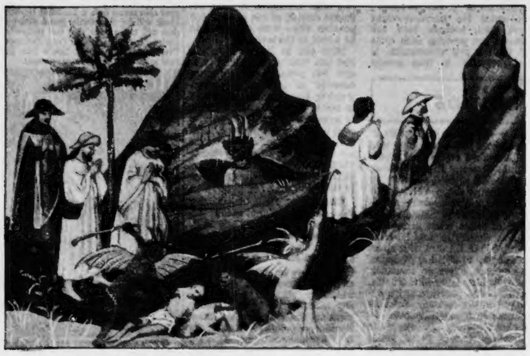
No ordinary soap stops "B.O." as Lifebuoy does . . . for Lifebuoy contains an exclusive purifying ingredient not in any other popular bath or toilet soap.

Use Lifebuoy regularly for your complexion as well as for bathing. Its mild lather will help your skin to *natural* loveliness. Remember—Lifebuoy is over 20% milder, by test, than many leading "beauty" and "baby" soaps.

Watch out for "B.O." in winter!

Warm rooms, less ventilation, and heavier clothing

AND HOW THEY WERE PICTURED BY ARTISTS OF THE TIME



"The Perilous Valley," Which Some Call the "Valley of the Devil," Another Stopping-Off Place on the Travels of Sir John Mandeville, Which He Probably Heard of From Old Stories Circulated About Marco Polo, the First European to Travel in Asia. The Valley Was Somewhere in the Mountains of Tibet.

(Continued from Page 16)

tues of the diamond as follows:

"He that beareth the diamond upon him, it giveth him hardiness and manhood, and it keepeth the limbs of his body whole. It giveth him victory of his enemies in law and in war, if his cause be rightful. And it keepeth him that beareth it in good wit. And it keepeth him from strife and riot, from sorrows and from enchantments, and from fantasies and illusions of wicked spirits. And if any cursed witch or enchanter would bewitch him that beareth the diamond, all that sorrow and mischance shall turn to himself through virtue of that stone. And also no wild beast dare assail the man that beareth it on him. Also the diamond should be given freely, without coveting and without buying, and then it is of greater virtue. And it maketh a man strong and more fierce against his enemies. And it healeth him that is lunatic, and them that the fiend pursueth or travaileth. And if venom or poison be brought in presence of the diamond, anon it beginneth to wax moist and for to sweat."

Adamant has become a hackneyed expression, meaning a substance so hard that no impression can be made on it. Mandeville asserted that adament was a real thing and his account is, perhaps, responsible for the word. He mentioned the island of Crues, off India, which was surrounded by rocks of adament. He explained that if a ship having iron nails went near these rocks it would be lost, for the adamant would draw the iron out of the vessel. The natives were accustomed to construct ships without any iron in them.

The fabled well of youth could not pass without comment from Sir John. He describes it as being near the city of Polombe in the island of Lomb. Above the city is a great mountain, also called Polombe:

"And at the foot of that mount is a fair well and a great, that hath odour and savour of all spices. And at every hour of the day he changeth his odour and his savour diversely. And whoso drinketh three times fasting on that water of that well he is whole of all manner of sickness that he hath. And they that dwell there and drink often of that well they never have sickness; and they seem always young. I have drunken thereof three or four sithes, and methinketh I fare the better."

In the country of the great Khan was the land of the pigmies where the people were only about two feet high, but very fair and gentle. They married when they were only half a year old and had children. They did not live more than six or seven years and anyone who reached eight was considered exceedingly old. They were remarkable workers in gold, silver, cotton and silk. They kept some men of normal stature to cultivate the earth and labor among the vines, but they regarded them with great contempt. Whenever the big men had children they were all pigmies, for that was the nature of that land. The great Khan held the pigmies in high regard, for they were witty and malicious.

Near the isle of Mistorak was the Vale of Devils, which Sir John says was one of the entries of hell. In this Vale there is much gold and silver on which account many infidels, and Christians also, go there in search of the treasure; but few come away, for they are strangled by the devils. In the middle of the Vale under a rock is the head of a devil that is very dreadful to look upon. Sir John alleges that he was in that Vale with some companions and they were afraid to enter. But there were two worthy men, friars minor, from Lombardy, who said that they would go in with the traveler. The friars sang mass and caused every man to be shriven, and then fourteen of them went in but when they went out there were but nine.

There were in that Vale, he says, much gold and silver, precious stones and rich jewels, but he touched nothing out of dred of the thieves that he saw in various shapes, and also on account of the great multitude of dead bodies lying everywhere as though there had been a battle between two mighty kings. He was never as devout at any time before or since as he was in the Vale of Devils.

Beyond the Vale is a great isle where the people are 28 or 30 feet long and live on raw flesh, and eat man's flesh more gladly than any other. Still further on he heard there was an isle where there were giants of greater stature, some of 45 and 50 feet tall. There was another isle to the north full of cruel women with precious stones in their eyes and whenever they were angered with any man they killed him by looking at him.

The animals in Arabia are more wonderful than in any other country:

"There be many beasts, that be clept orafles. In Arabia, they be clept gerfaunts. That is a beast, pomely or spotted, that is but a little more high than is a steed, but he hath the neck a twenty cubits long; and his croup and his tail is as of an hart; and he may look over a great high house. And there be also in that country many camels; that is a little beast as a goat, that is wild, and he liveth by the air and eateth nought, he drinketh nought, at no time. And he changeth his colour often-time for men see him often sithes, now in one colour and now in another colour, and he may change him into all manner colours that him list, save only into red and white.

"There be also in that country passing great serpents, some of six score foot (120 feet) long, and they be of diverse colours, as rayed, red, green, and yellow, blue and black, and all speckled. And there be others that have crests upon their heads, and they go upon their feet, upright, and they be well a four fathom great, or more, and they dwell always in rocks or in mountains, and they have always the throat open, of whence they drop venom always. And there be also wild swine of many colours, as great as be oxen in our country, and they be all spotted, as be young fawns. And there be also urchins, as great as wild swine here! we clepe them Porcz de Spine. And there be lions all white, great and mighty. And there be also of other beasts, as great and more greater than is a destrier, and men clepe them Loerancs; and some men clepe them odenthos: and they have a black head and three long horns trenchant in the front, sharp as a sword, and the body is slender; and he is a full felonious beast, and he chaseth and slayeth the elephant."

After telling how he is suffering cruelly from gout from his tremendous labors and hardships, Sir John piously concludes:

"And thus, taking solace in my wretched rest, recording the time passed, I have fulfilled these things, and put them written in this book, as it would come into my mind, the year of grace a thousand three hundred and fifty-six, in the thirty-fourth year, that I departed from our countries.

"Wherefore, I pray to all the readers and hearers of this book, if it please them, that they would pray God for me; and I shall pray for them. And all those that say for me a Pater Noster, with an Ave Maria, that God forgive me my sins, I make them partners, and grant them part of all the good pilgrimages and of all the good deeds that I have done, if any be to his pleasance; and not only of those but of all that ever I shall do until my life's end."

Be Yourself

DEAN EVERETT W. LORD, of Boston University's College of Business Administration, recently outlined ten commandments for persons who wish to be successful in life, stressing as the most important one his first commandment, "be yourself."

Dean Lord's commandments are:

1. Be yourself. Analyze your personality: cultivate the desirable—repress the undesirable.
2. Be alert. Look for opportunities to express yourself.
3. Be positive. Determine your goal and the route to it.
4. Be systematic. Take one step at a time.
5. Be persistent. Hold to your course.
6. Be a worker. Work your brain more than your body.
7. Be a student. Know your job.
8. Be fair. Treat the other man as you would be treated.
9. Be temperate. Avoid excess in anything.
10. Be confident. Have the faith that cannot be weakened.

YOU CAN DEPEND ON CHAMPIONS

CHAMPION
PATENTED
FOR GREATER ECONOMY

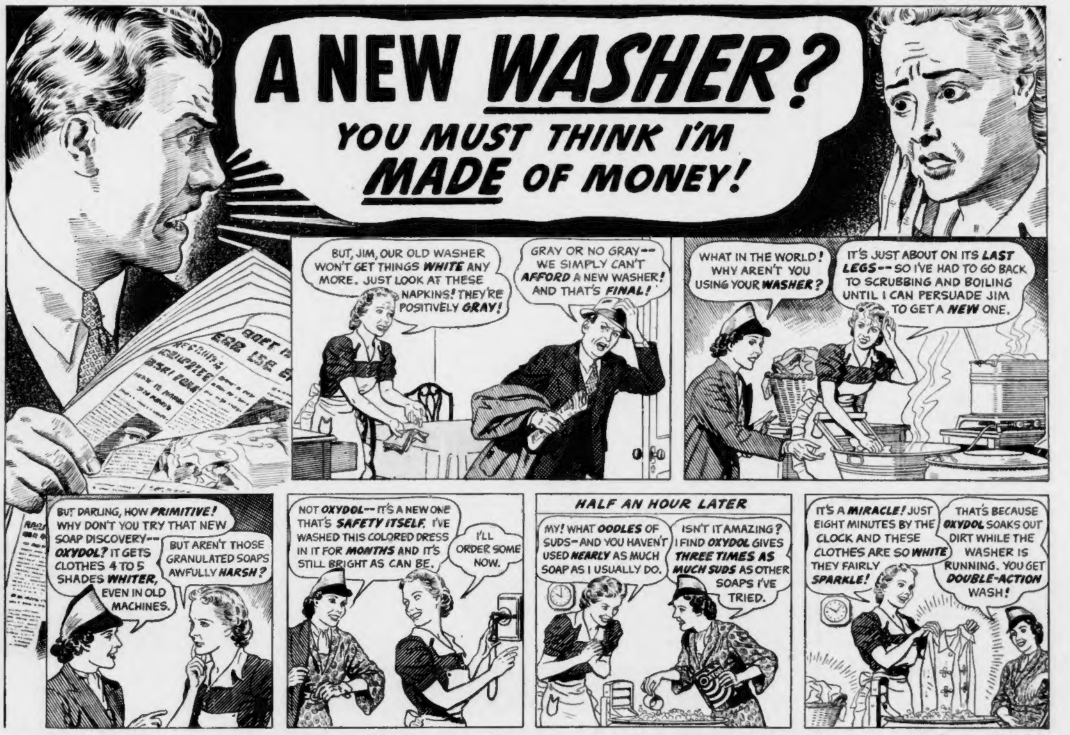
WORN-OUT SPARK PLUGS or spark plugs of inferior quality will not only seriously impair engine performance, but also actually waste gasoline to an extent sufficient to soon pay for a set of new Champions. Millions of motorists install new spark plugs regularly every 10,000 miles, because of the gasoline savings and better performance they obtain.

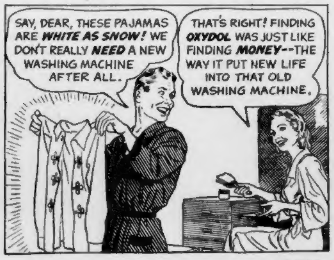
Champion Spark Plugs exact more certain performance from your engine. So if you want maximum power, speed, economy, and above all, maximum dependability from spark plugs, insist on Champions. See your Champion dealer this week and follow his recommendations.

CHAMPION
SPARK PLUG

THE SPARK PLUG CHAMPIONS

CHECK AND CLEAN SPARK PLUGS WHEN YOU CHANGE OIL


A NEW WASHER? YOU MUST THINK I'M MADE OF MONEY!
BUT, JIM, OUR OLD WASHER WON'T GET THINGS WHITE ANY MORE. JUST LOOK AT THESE NAPKINS! THEY'RE POSITIVELY GRAY!
GRAY OR NO GRAY-- WE SIMPLY CAN'T AFFORD A NEW WASHER! AND THAT'S FINAL!
WHAT IN THE WORLD! WHY AREN'T YOU USING YOUR WASHER?
IT'S JUST ABOUT ON ITS LAST LEGS-- SO I'VE HAD TO GO BACK TO SCRUBBING AND BOILING UNTIL I CAN PERSUADE JIM TO GET A NEW ONE.
BUT DARLING, HOW PRIMITIVE! WHY DON'T YOU TRY THAT NEW SOAP DISCOVERY-- OXYDOL? IT GETS CLOTHES 4 TO 5 SHADES WHITER, EVEN IN OLD MACHINES.
BUT AREN'T THOSE GRANULATED SOAPS AWFULLY HARSH?
NOT OXYDOL-- IT'S A NEW ONE THAT'S SAFETY ITSELF. I'VE WASHED THIS COLORED DRESS IN IT FOR MONTHS AND IT'S STILL BRIGHT AS CAN BE.
I'LL ORDER SOME NOW.
HALF AN HOUR LATER
MY! WHAT OODLES OF SUDS-AND YOU HAVEN'T USED NEARLY AS MUCH SOAP AS I USUALLY DO.
ISN'T IT AMAZING? I FIND OXYDOL GIVES THREE TIMES AS MUCH SUDS AS OTHER SOAPS I'VE TRIED.
IT'S A MIRACLE! JUST EIGHT MINUTES BY THE CLOCK AND THESE CLOTHES ARE SO WHITE THEY FAIRLY SPARKLE!
THAT'S BECAUSE OXYDOL SOAKS OUT DIRT WHILE THE WASHER IS RUNNING. YOU GET DOUBLE-ACTION WASH!


SAY, DEAR, THESE PAJAMAS ARE WHITE AS SNOW! WE DON'T REALLY NEED A NEW WASHING MACHINE AFTER ALL.
THAT'S RIGHT! FINDING OXYDOL WAS JUST LIKE FINDING MONEY--THE WAY IT PUT NEW LIFE INTO THAT OLD WASHING MACHINE.

"LIKE GETTING A NEW WASHER FREE"

—Say Women of This New, SAFE Miracle Soap

NOW expect new things! See white things come 4 to 5 shades whiter in *old* machines or *new!* See washing time cut 25% to 40% in either machine or tub!

Developed by the makers of gentle Ivory soap, OXYDOL cost over $1,000,000 to perfect. And is the result of a patented process to make soap much faster acting—an amazing new formula that makes *mild, gentle soap far whiter washing,* yet "keeps it safe."

Scientific tests of OXYDOL against other soaps reveal these important things:—

First:—One cup of OXYDOL makes as much suds as *three* cupfuls of other soaps tested. This means that OXYDOL possesses *three times the suds-building power!*

Second:—Cup for cup, OXYDOL washed clothes *4 to 5 shades whiter* than other soaps that were tested *—including other* GRANULATED *soaps.*

In tub washing, OXYDOL'S hard-working suds end washboard rubbing—soak out dirt in 15 minutes, without scrubbing or boiling. Even "grimiest" spots come clean with a few quick rubs between the fingers.

Yet OXYDOL is safe for hands—safe for all washable colors. Even sheer cotton prints and voiles washed 100 consecutive times in OXYDOL suds, showed no perceptible sign of fading.

OXYDOL is extremely economical, too. Tests show that it often goes ⅓ to ½ again as far as even the latest soap chips on the market.

So stop blaming your old washer if clothes wash dingy-gray. Switch to amazing new OXYDOL and see clothes come so much whiter and brighter that you'll say "it's almost like getting a new washer free!"

You can get OXYDOL at all dealers. Phone for a package today. Procter & Gamble.

TESTED AND APPROVED BY GOOD HOUSEKEEPING INSTITUTE

Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

OXYDOL
OXYDOL

the NEW "NO-SCRUB—NO-BOIL" LAUNDRY SOAP that's REALLY SAFE

One whiff.... then a tiff!
Poor stiff!... all adrift...
"GARGLE.... takes a Jiff!"
PEPSODENT ends their rift!

In Germ-killing power...

1 BOTTLE PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC EQUALS 3 BOTTLES OF ORDINARY KINDS

Even when diluted with 2 parts water, still kills germs in seconds . . . Lasts 3 times as long!

MAKES YOUR MONEY GO 3 TIMES AS FAR!

Pepsodent Antiseptic

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC *keeps your* MOUTH and BREATH SWEETER HOURS LONGER

The Best GRAY HAIR REMEDY IS MADE AT HOME

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.

Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off. Do not be handicapped by gray hair now when it is so economical and easy to get rid of it in your own home.

IF THERE'S anything new in the field of science, you'll find it described in THE AMERICAN WEEKLY.

"Summer-Weight" Dishes for Spring Meals

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

IF EASTER heralds the latest fashion fancies in clothing, millinery and costume accessories, should it not also usher in the changes attendant in spring styles on foods?

With what interest, these last few weeks, have women been crowding around a dress counter, avidly viewing displays of charming fresh fabrics, noting the smartly-draped mannequins, and stampeding the button and trimming departments. The desire for something new, for something fresh, lightweight—and above all, a change in apparel—has been the guiding motive back of crowds of shoppers who make Easter the decisive date and last call for wearing sombre, heavy winter-weight clothing.

Yet, how many of these same women, so keenly alert to "high fashion" in springtime frocks, are equally alert to "high fashion" in foods for warmer weather? Are there not all-too-few home-makers who see that we may lay aside "winter-weight" meals, just as we cast off heavy winter-weight clothing to put on those which are lighter, more gay in color, more cool and refreshing?

What we may thus call "summer-weight" meals have, like summer clothing, less heating qualities. As warm weather approaches, we require a lesser amount of sugar, starch and fats than in the low temperatures when the body, like any other engine, must be liberally and frequently stoked with food containing the most B. T. U. for fuel.

Again, we can put on "summer-weight" meals more easily if we alter the cooking method, while still making use of some of the same foods: thus pot roasting or stewing meats induces an accompanying heavy oily gravy; but to grill those identical meats under the broiler will bring them to the table with the least amount of fats or heaviness, since the oils fall away during cooking.

Further, all the latest "food flashes" from the world of smart living urge the acceptance of new, crisp, fresh products, particularly fresh, new vegetables, salad greens and fruits, already registering daily arrivals in the market and grocery world.

Here is where the informed shopper and food-marketer will save money and provide the most suitable "summer-weight" menus, if she really knows her seasons. May, for instance, is almost dedicated to the enjoyment of choice asparagus, new, tender, delicate green stalks and tips packed full of food calcium and an authorized "blood-purifier."

This is the period of the year when the housewife can take advantage of the bitter tang of fresh dandelion greens in soups and salads; when certainly she should wisely order strawberries or pineapple, the latter in its prime peak period in May.

When you cut down on the heavy food elements so predominant in the winter-weight diet, you may safely substitute a profusion of crisp, fresh young foods so associated with the burgeoning of the spring season. Green salad leaves, new spinach, scallions, sorrel, rhubarb with its refreshing tonic acid, all bring purifying, cooling and refreshing qualities into the menu.

The light and seasonable meats like lamb and veal belong in the spring menu. The variest tyro newly-wed housewife knows that lamb and veal are the double-starred meats for May and June, with chicken coming into its own in June and July. All cuts of lamb are excellent with lamb kidneys, not to be forgotten as an inexpensive lighter supper dish. Veal and its kidneys, too, or the more expensive sweetbreads, are tops in spring meats which tend to reduce weight, especially if cooked by grill method.

Eggs and milk, both of prime importance as "protective foods", also enter the summer-weight menu plan, because both are proteins but proteins with little oil (unless full-cream-milk is used). Easter is that season when eggs are most abundant and least expensive. A light delicious omelet, or one of the 1,000 possible ways with eggs, should be added to the menu.

Milk can be increased in the diet not only as a liquid beverage, but particularly in lighter desserts so suitable to warm weather. Rennet custard or baked or boiled custards seem naturals to accompany the fresh berries soon to appear in the shops. Tapioca, rice, gelatin, cereal flakes are a few of the other ingredients which, when added to milk, may be translated into delicate finales to the meal.

One special form of milk for the summer-weight menu deserves particular honorable mention. And that is cottage cheese, alias clabber, alias smearcase or alias good old pot-cheese.

Pot-cheese is not only a light and wholesome protein food which can "stand in" for meat at any meal, but it is particularly pleasing and delicious as warm weather approaches. Eaten "as is", accompanied by a crisp green salad, it forms a satisfying luncheon. Or, the same amount of cheese can be incorporated with gelatin or tomato juice, and molded into a cheese salad ring, which can then be served with a portion of cut-up seasonable fruits or vegetables. Molded into small balls, and flanked by prunes stuffed with nuts, it is the vegetarians' delight.

Again, this type of sweet natural cheese can be used as a cooking ingredient to make many popular dishes: cheese cake, for example, is not difficult for the experienced baker, and what a lunch it makes, topped off by a glass of chilled milk! The same type of cottage cheese filling may be used in a pastry or tart shell, or, with modifications, served as the filling of delicate fritters, each a meal in itself.

So, as home-makers and those responsible for family meals, let us make Easter the accepted date for shifting to spring fashions in foods as well as frocks. Let us study the markets with an eye to serving summer-weight dishes, taking advantage of the season's specials.

Some Light Spring Recipes

Swedish Veal Casserole: Two onions, minced fine, 2 tablespoons butter, 2½ pounds veal breast cut into inch cubes, salt, pepper, ¾ teaspoon paprika, 2 teaspoons minced parsley, 2 cups hot water or veal stock, 3 tablespoons flour, ¼ cup cold water, ⅓ cup thick sweet sour cream, mashed potatoes, boiled whole small carrots. Add onions to melted fat and brown. Add veal cubes and keep turning to brown lightly. Add salt, pepper, paprika, parsley, hot water or stock. Cook in deep iron kettle or heavy covered casserole 1½ hours. When meat is tender, add flour mixed with ¼ cup cold water to thicken gravy. Add sour cream and serve immediately in garnish of mashed potato border and carrots. Serves 6.

Veal "Birds" With Sour Cream and Stuffing: Veal "birds" are made from veal steak cut fairly thin. Allow 1 cup dairy sour cream for each 1 pound veal. Cut meat into 3-inch squares. Saute until evenly brown on both sides. Lay spoon of dressing in center of each square and roll up with skewer. Add sour cream and simmer, covered, until tender. Or, omit dressing, sear as above, and simmer in sour cream as a veal steak dish. For dressing, combine ¼ cup diced bacon crisps, ⅓ cup minced onion, ½ cup chopped celery, 1 cup seedless raisins, 2 cups dry breadcrumbs, ½ cup stock or hot water, ¼ teaspoon sage, salt and pepper. This dressing may also be used to stuff pocket in shoulder of roast veal, boned leg lamb, etc.

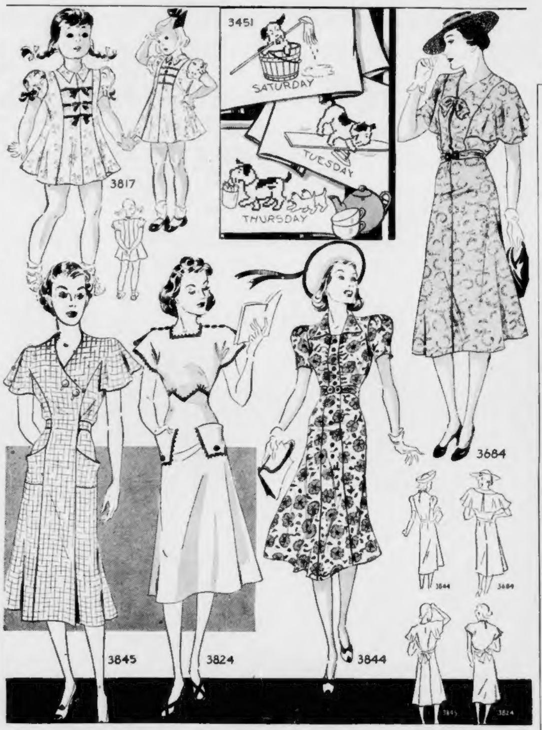
Lamb Grill for Reducers: Two slices (each ½ inch thick) forequarters lamb, 4 strips canned pineapple, melted butter, ½ cup fine cereal flake crumbs (bran, rice, etc.), whole-wheat toast. Cut lamb and pineapple into 1½ inch squares and arrange squares alternately on skewers. Dip filled skewer lightly in melted butter and roll in crumbs. Broil about 15 minutes, under moderate flame, turning frequently. Serve 1 skewer on 1 slice toast, or serve with portion of any cooked green vegetable. Serves 4.

Lamb Kidneys With Spaghetti: One pound spaghetti cooked in rapidly boiling salted water, then drained, 2 cups strained canned tomatoes, 3 tablespoons butter, salt, pepper, 6 strips bacon, 6 split lamb kidneys. Arrange cooked spaghetti in greased casserole and pour over tomatoes seasoned with butter, salt, pepper and a pinch of thyme or sage if liked. Arrange bacon strips and split kidneys on top. Bake about 30 minutes in a moderately hot oven, or at about 375 degrees, until kidneys are cooked. (Kidneys must be freed from outer membrane and tubes). Serves 6.

Egg Casserole Entree: One-half pound sliced mushrooms, 2 tablespoons butter, 2½ cups thin white sauce, 1 cup toasted breadcrumbs or cereal flakes, 6 sliced, hard-cooked eggs, ½ cup chopped ripe olives or chopped ripe tomato, pimiento strips. Saute mushrooms in butter 10 minutes. Place layer of white sauce in greased shallow casserole. Add layer of crumbs, then fill dish with alternate layers of sliced eggs, sauce, mushrooms, olives or tomatoes, and finish top layer with crumbs. Garnish with pimiento strips arranged lattice-fashion. Bake 20 minutes in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees. Serves 6.

Cottage Cheese Salad Mold: Two tablespoons gelatin, ½ cup cold water, 1 cup canned pineapple juice, 2 pounds cottage cheese. Soak gelatin 5 minutes in cold water. Heat pineapple juice and dissolve gelatin in it. Add cottage cheese which has been forced through a fine sieve, and mixed thoroughly. Pour into fish, ring, or other fancy ornamental mold, and chill. Unmold, and serve with salad or mixed spring vegetables or with cut fruit salad, or with relishes, such as ripe olives, gherkins, etc. Or, add flaked salmon or tunafish to the mixture, using the proportion of 1 cup cheese to 1 cup fish, and mold as above. Serve with chopped sweet pickle relish and mayonnaise on green salad leaves.

American Weekly Patterns



Pattern 3817—FOR A KIDDIES' DRESS-UP OR PLAY—THIS FETCHING PRINCESS FROCK TRIMMED WITH RIBBON OR RIC-RAC. Designed for children's sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10. Size 6 requires 2⅓ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3451—FUN TO CROSS-STITCH... FUN TO USE...IS THIS SET OF "DOGGY" TEA TOWELS. ONE FOR EVERY DAY IN THE WEEK. Pattern 3451 contains a transfer pattern of seven motifs 4¾x7⅞ inches; color suggestions; material requirements; illustrations of all stitches used.

Pattern 3684—IF YOU WANT TO LOOK SLIM, RUN UP THIS DAINTY FROCK—FOR THERE'S FLATTERY IN EVERY SIMPLE SEAM. Designed for women's sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 39-inch fabric.

Pattern 3845—LOOK SPIC AND SPAN ALL DAY LONG. CHOOSE THIS PANELLED STYLE FOR PRACTICAL WEAR. IDEAL IN COTTON. Designed for misses' and women's sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3824—COLORFUL DASHES OF RIC-RAC SPICE UP NECKLINE, CAP SLEEVES, POCKETS AND WAISTLINE OF THIS MODEL. Designed for misses' and women's sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3 yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3844—SOFTLY GATHERED BODICE, POINTED COLLAR, AND PUFFED-AT-THE-SHOULDER SLEEVES DISTINGUISH THIS "CHARMER." Designed for misses' and women's sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch fabric.

PRICE OF PATTERNS, 15c EACH.

Every pattern contains a large, complete, easily followed sewing guide. To order these easy-to-make patterns, write plainly SIZES, PATTERN NUMBER, YOUR NAME, YOUR STREET ADDRESS, CITY AND STATE. Enclose 15c in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for each pattern and address your envelope to

AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERN DEPT.,
635 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Due to customs restrictions, Canadian orders cannot be filled.

Help Yourself to a Clean, Fresh Skin with Tarkroot Beauty Mask

A MOST refreshing habit you can cultivate is treating your skin regularly to Tarkroot Beauty Masks. Days when your skin seems dull, a Tarkroot Beauty Mask will be a perfectly grand pick-up that will make your skin feel radiantly fresh again—and so clean. Try a Tarkroot Beauty Mask tonight. You'll like it. *Sold at all drug and department stores.*

MERCOLIZED Wax Beautifying CREAM
KEEPS SKIN Young Looking

Over a quarter century ago the first box of Mercolized Wax Cream made its debut in the realm of beautiful women. Today this pioneer face cream has become a favorite skin beautifier with lovely women the world over. Mercolized Wax Cream justly and richly deserves this loyalty it has won. Throughout the years it has upheld its promises to "Bring out the hidden beauty of the skin" and "Keep the skin young looking". It combines cleansing, softening, smoothing and lubricating elements with the technique of invisibly flaking off the superficially discolored surface skin to reveal the glorious young looking beauty of the underskin. Start using Mercolized Wax tonight.

Use Saxolite Astringent

A DELIGHTFULLY refreshing astringent. Tingling; antiseptic and helpful. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel.

Try Phelactine Depilatory

QUICKLY takes off unwanted hair from your face. Easy to use.

Sold at all cosmetic counters

DO YOU KNOW that The American Weekly prints more Scriptural stories in a year than all the other non-sectarian magazines combined?

The Calendar said: "CALL IT OFF"
MIDOL *said:* "LET THEM COME"

DO you still let pain take precedence to pleasure certain days each month? Do you still let the calendar regulate your life—giving up enjoyment and giving in to suffering which you think is unavoidable?

If you do, you should know that doctors have discovered severe or prolonged periodic functional pain is not natural to most women. And that thousands of women have discovered it is *not necessary*. For unless there is some organic disorder demanding a physician's or surgeon's attention, Midol helps most women who try it.

Why not give Midol a chance to help *you*—to render those dreaded days of menstruation as carefree as any other? Midol is offered for this sole purpose. It acts quickly. In all but unusual instances it brings relief. Many women declare they have no pain at all, or even discomfort, since they learned to rely on the help of Midol.

When the calendar says "quiet", let Midol help you "carry on". Instead of favoring yourself, let Midol take care of the pain. A few Midol tablets should see you comfortably through your worst day. Drugstores have Midol *on the counter* in convenient purse-size tins.

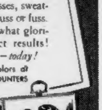
ON THE COUNTER AT YOUR DRUGGIST'S

"Thanks for Tintex! It saved dollars on my wardrobe!" says Mrs. C. B., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Millions of smart women sing the praises of Tintex! *Because* it brings gay, new color to faded apparel and home decorations. *Because* it brings important savings to every household. Use Tintex today on *your* faded dresses, sweaters, curtains, etc. No muss or fuss. Simple as ABC. And what gloriously beautiful, perfect results! Remember—TINTEX—*today!*

48 brilliant, long-lasting colors at DRUG STORES and NOTION COUNTERS

A PARK & TILFORD Product



$2 *Value for only* 50¢ AND TWO TINTEX BOX-TOPS

A HAND-COLORED MINIATURE OF YOURSELF IN A 24-KT GOLD-PLATED FRAME. Practically a Gift—to encourage you to try TINTEX. Just send *two top-flaps* from any TINTEX boxes (*Gray Box, Blue Box, Curtain Ecru, Color Remover*, or *Whitex Bluing*) and 50¢ IN COIN with your snapshot or negative. Send to—TINTEX PREMIUM DEPT., P. O. Box 125, Station D, New York, N. Y.

SIZE—3⅛ in. x 4⅛ in. For a Limited Time Only!

Tintex *World's Largest Selling* TINTS *and* DYES

© 1938, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

"HOW SLIM AND SMART YOU LOOK!"

And how easy and comfortable it is to achieve such slenderness with a smart *Sturdi-flex Reducer designed by *Kleinert's

ADJUSTABLE SHOULDER STRAPS
RAYON SWAMI UPLIFT BRA
DIAPHRAGM CONTROL
VENTILATIONS
ADJUSTABLE GARTERS
$2.00

NEW FEATURE! *The lower edge of all new *Sturdi-flex Reducers is lined with a comfort-band of soft knitted fleece to prevent chafing.*

This *Sturdi-flex all-in-one is a marvel of comfort and effectiveness! *Sturdi-flex is a patented Kleinert fabric with controlled stretch. ODORLESS, perforated, easily washed—works *faster* because it's so comfortable you'll wear it all the time. Uplift bra of soft firm rayon fabric, flat hose supporters, adjustable shoulder straps. Three-piece fitted back and controlled stretch mould your figure into youthful lines. In sizes 30 to 44—every other inch. *For correct size,* take bust measure carefully and order *next size smaller!*

If you don't find Kleinert's *Sturdi-flex Reducer at your favorite NOTION counter send $2.00 *(preferably check or money order)* to I. B. Kleinert Rubber Co., Dept. AW, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Kleinert's
*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

TORONTO • NEW YORK • LONDON
Prices slightly higher on the Pacific Coast and in Canada.

READ THE AMERICAN WEEKLY regularly—there's no other magazine like it.

Is your kitchen a STEP-CHILD?
9 FT. 5¢
"FEEL THE EDGE"
Royledge
SHELVING

YOU'RE PRETTY PROUD of your other rooms, but what have you got behind those closed kitchen cupboard doors? Bare, shabby shelves? Hideaways? Open them up, trim them gaily, let them join the household . . . *brightened with Royledge Shelving!*

For just a nickel, this curl-proof shelving will decorate and protect 9 feet of shelves! No tacks or trouble either. Lay it flat, fold down the double, strong, colorful edge, and have shelves you're proud to call your own!

Any 5-and-10¢, neighborhood or dept. store has decorator-designed new Royledge patterns, 5¢ for 9 ft. (10¢ sizes, too). Millions of women, many who can afford extravagant edgings, use and prefer this long-lasting shelving. Roylace, 99 Gold Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

NOTE: When you need Doylies, buy ROYLIES . . . decorator-designed; radio advertised; 5¢ & 10¢ packages!

Old-Fashioned Boston Pies Delight Children

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

CHILDREN, even more than adults, need nourishing food at every meal. For children, food must provide not only for the daily upkeep of the body, but more particularly for the demands of growth and of almost ceaseless activity. Children who seem cross, tired and listless after a winter of continuous school work will respond encouragingly to a little "dressing up" of their favorite desserts.

Sometimes a glass of milk and a piece of old-fashioned Boston pie will transform the atmosphere of the dining-room. By varying the Boston pie filling or the flavor of the glass of milk, a child of the most uncertain appetite is frequently found asking for a second helping.

The pies are usually a plain, inexpensive cake mixture baked in round layer-cake pans, the fillings varying according to the needs of the family. The frosting made of sifted powdered sugar and hot water, milk or fruit juice, makes a good finish for the top of the pies, though often they are finished by sifting a little powdered sugar over the top or spreading whipped and sweetened cream over the top. A little vegetable coloring or a few gratings of chocolate will add an intriguing touch of color.

Apple Cream Pie.

CREAM ⅓ cup butter or shortening, gradually beat in 1 cup sifted sugar and the grated rind of 1 lemon. Add 2 beaten eggs and blend well. Alternately add ½ cup milk and 1¾ cups flour sifted with 3 teaspoons baking-powder and a few grains salt. Bake in two buttered and floured layer-cake pans in a moderately hot oven, or at about 375 degrees. Put together with grated apple filling and sift powdered sugar over the top. Serve with or without whipped cream. To make the grated apple filling: In the top of a double boiler, mix 1 grated large apple, the juice of 1 lemon, ¾ cup sugar and a pinch of salt. Heat over hot water, stirring well. Mix ¼ cup sugar with 1 well-beaten egg and stir into hot mixture. Stir constantly until thick, and froth disappears. Remove from heat and beat in 1 tablespoon butter or shortening. Cool and spread on cool cake.

English Cream Filling (Boston Pie).

SCALD 1⅓ cups milk over hot water. Mix ⅓ cup cold milk with ⅓ cup flour and a few grains salt. Stir into the hot mixture and continue stirring until creamy and smooth. Let cook over hot water about 15 minutes. Add 4 egg yolks beaten with ⅔ cup sugar and stir until the egg is cooked. When cold add ½ teaspoon vanilla or any desired flavoring. Shredded blanched almonds are sometimes added to this filling.

Raspberry Jam Boston Pie.

HAVE ready two layers of any light inexpensive cake. Spread raspberry or blackberry jam or jelly (discarding seeds, if possible) between layers. Sift powdered sugar over the top of cake.

Four-Egg Sponge Cake.

SIFT flour. To 1 cup of the sifted flour, add ⅛ teaspoon salt and sift two or three times. Beat 4 egg yolks until thick and lemon-colored. Add 1 cup sifted sugar gradually, and beat well. Add 4 teaspoons lemon juice and mix thoroughly. Fold in the sifted flour. Then fold in 4 stiffly-beaten egg whites. Bake in a floured sheet or loaf pan in a slow-to-moderate oven. A sheet pan will require 325 degrees for about 30 minutes. A loaf will require 300 to 325 degrees for 40 to 60 minutes.

Boston Cream Pie Variations.

HAVE ready any good cottage pudding, angel cake, sponge cake or any favorite light cake. Put together with any desired cream filling, sprinkle powdered sugar over the top, or frost with melted sweet chocolate or chocolate frosting. Cut in pie-shaped pieces for serving. Chocolate cream filling may be used between the layers, and the top covered with whipped cream. Whipped cream mixed with sliced or stewed fruit is often used as a filling when the top is sprinkled with powdered sugar. Any good thick fruit preserve or seedless jam may be used between the layers, the top being covered with whipped cream or powdered sugar.

Cornstarch Filling (By Request).

MIX and sift ¼ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon cornstarch and ½ teaspoon salt. Add 1 cup milk or cream and cook over hot water, stirring constantly, until smooth and creamy. Cover and continue cooking over hot water about 15 minutes. Remove from heat, add 4 beaten yolks diluted with a little of the hot mixture, return to double boiler and cook about 3 minutes, or until egg is set, stirring constantly. Remove from heat, flavor with 1 teaspoon vanilla or any desired flavoring, and cool.

One-Two-Three-Four Cake.

CREAM 1 cup butter or shortening, add 2 cups sifted sugar gradually, and then beat in 4 egg yolks. Mix and sift 3 cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking-powder and ⅛ teaspoon salt. Add alternately with 1 cup milk to the butter mixture. Fold in 4 stiffly-beaten egg whites. Flavor as desired. Turn into buttered and floured layer-cake pans and bake in a moderately hot oven, or at about 375 degrees, about 20 minutes.

Hot Milk Cake.

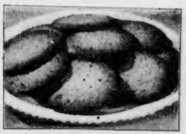
BEAT 2 egg whites stiff and fold in 2 egg yolks beaten until thick and lemon-colored. Slowly add 1 cup sifted sugar and beat well. Mix and sift 1 cup sifted flour mixed and sifted again with 1 teaspoon baking-powder and a pinch of salt. Fold the sifted ingredients into the egg mixture. Then beat in 1 tablespoon butter melted in ½ cup milk scalded over hot water. Turn into a pan about 7 inches square and bake in a moderately hot oven, or at about 360 degrees.

Berry Topping for Boston Pie.

HAVE ready a sheet of angel cake or hot milk cake. When cold, cover with berry topping made as follows: Beat 2 egg whites and a pinch of salt until frothy. Add ½ cup strained thick strawberry or raspberry pulp. Add 1½ cups sifted powdered sugar gradually, and beat until thick and fluffy. Serve immediately with or without whipped cream.

Banana Orange Milk Shake (By Request).

BEAT 1 very ripe banana with a rotary beater until creamy, and press through sieve or strainer. Add ½ cup cold milk, ½ cup orange juice and ⅛ teaspoon sugar and beat well.



NEW EASY WAY TO MAKE COOKIES

Crisp, spicy, delicious—and you don't need to roll or cut them out!

• Hallowed memories of childhood and Grandma's cookie jar come flooding back at the first taste of these crisp, crunchy, spicy Ginger Cookies. But *these* cookies are even finer. For they're made with Spry, the new, purer ALL-vegetable shortening that brings out all their full rich, spicy flavor. And Grandma (bless her heart!) didn't know this new no-work way to make 'em.

Read how below—make some today. But be *sure* to use Spry. Use Spry for all your baking—cakes, pastry, muffins, biscuits—all your frying, too. You'll find foods doubly delicious, so digestible.

Grandma's Ginger Cookies

1 cup Spry	1 cup sugar
1 teaspoon salt	1 egg, well beaten
1 teaspoon soda	1 cup molasses
1 teaspoon cinnamon	½ cup sour milk
1 teaspoon ginger	4 cups sifted flour

Combine Spry, salt, soda and spices and blend. Add sugar and cream well. (Quickly done with *triple-creamed* Spry.) Add beaten egg and mix thoroughly. Add molasses and sour milk. Add flour, blend well.

Drop from tip of teaspoon on baking sheets greased with Spry. (Or press through pastry bag.) Let stand a few minutes, then flatten cookies by stamping with a glass covered with a damp cloth. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 12 to 15 minutes. Makes 7½ dozen.

(All measurements in this recipe are level)

The new, purer ALL-vegetable shortening *TRIPLE-CREAMED!*

Appetizing Menus for the Week by Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY
TUESDAY
WEDNESDAY
THURSDAY
FRIDAY
SATURDAY
SUNDAY

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Canned Peaches, Cereal, French Toast, Maple Syrup, Milk or Coffee. ***Luncheon*** Cold Left-Over Meat, Baked Potatoes with Butter, Tomato, Cabbage and Celery Salad, Boston Cream Pie, Tea. ***Dinner*** Roast Mutton or English Mutton Chops, Noodles or Mashed Potatoes, Creamed Turnips, Currant Jelly, Lemon Sponge with Custard Sauce.	***Breakfast*** Orange Juice, Cooked Dark Cereal, Scrambled Eggs, Blueberry Muffins, Coffee. ***Luncheon*** French Pea Soup, Grapefruit and Shrimp Cocktail, French Bread or Popovers, Chocolate Waffles with Chocolate Sauce, Coffee Substitute. ***Dinner*** Minted Fruit Cocktail, Baked Shoulder of Pork, Paprika Rice, Lima Beans, Broccoli and Radish Salad, Salad Dressing, Apple Pie with Spice Meringue.	***Breakfast*** Tomato Juice, Cereal, Toasted Cheese Bread, Marmalade, Coffee. ***Luncheon*** Emergency Soup (Left-Overs), Toasted Salmon Sandwiches, "Wilted" Lettuce, Fruit Compote, Flaked Corn Cookies. ***Dinner (Company)*** Avocado Caviar Canapes, Hot Tomato Juice, Baked Stuffed Squab, Glazed Sweet Potatoes, Buttered Green Peas, Currant Jelly, Cress and Endive Salad, Lemon Dressing, Coffee Jelly with Whipped Cream.	***Breakfast*** Grapes and Bananas, Whole Grain Cereal, Poached Eggs, Melba Toast, Coffee. ***Luncheon*** Cheese Pudding, Spiced Beet Salad, Orange Bran Muffins, Butterscotch Tapioca, Tea. ***Dinner*** Stuffed Tomatoes, Veal "Birds" with Delicious Sauce, Riced Potatoes, Ten-Minute Cabbage, Asparagus Salad, Salad Dressing, Broiled Grapefruit.	***Breakfast*** Sliced Oranges, Cereal, Bread-Crumb Griddle Cakes, Broiled Bacon, Coffee. ***Luncheon*** Vegetable Soup, Broiled Finnan-Haddie, Creamed New Potatoes, Glazed Carrots, Pineapple Salad, Flaked Corn Cookies, Coffee Substitute. ***Dinner*** Strawberries Dipped in Powdered Sugar, Clam Chowder, Salted Crackers, Cold Vegetable Platter, Hot Baking-Powder Biscuits or Swedish Bread, Steamed Apple Puffs with Hard Sauce.	***Breakfast*** Sliced Pineapple, Cereal, Coddled Eggs, Bacon, Toast, Milk or Coffee. ***Luncheon*** Brunswick Stew, Golden Corn-Sticks, Spring Fruits in Lime Jelly with Whipped Cream, Tea. ***Dinner*** Orange and Grapefruit Juice or Tomato and Sauerkraut Juice Cocktail, Crown Roast of Wieners, Spinach Timbales, Glazed or Grilled Sweet Potatoes, Green, Red and White Cabbage Salad, Pineapple Boston Cream Pie.	***Breakfast*** Green Apples Baked in Pineapple Juice, Cereal, Shirred Eggs, Toasted Muffins, Coffee. ***Dinner (Prepared on Saturday)*** English Beef Pie, Buttered Turnips, Radishes, Macedoine Green Salad, French Dressing, Banana Ice Cream, Spice Cup Cakes, Half Cups Coffee. ***Supper (Company)*** Calf's Liver en Brochette, Bacon, Toast, Celery, Julienne Carrots, Swedish Blancmange.

THE GREATEST BOOK of knowledge in the world is a scrap-book containing the Biblical, scientific, art, hygienic and domestic science articles and illustrations published regularly in this and other issues of The American Weekly. Why not start one for home and school use?

Man Not Woman, Used Cosmetics First

(Continued From Page 4)

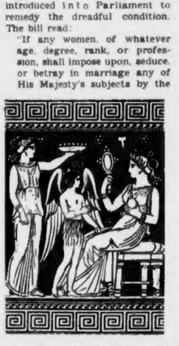
then wash the face with wine to make it fair and ruddy. Mary of Scotland bathed her whole body in wine, and for this luxurious practice demanded an increased allowance. Young women at this time were ardent devotees of the milk bath; only dowagers and the nobility dared bathe in wine.

The coming of Cromwell to England sent cosmetics flying. No artificiality in face decoration was permitted by a puritanical regime; only wicked women of the streets dared appear with powder, rouge, or ribbons. On the restoration of Charles II to the throne, women with relief and joy—to the consternation of those who deplored the depths to which women were falling—immediately resumed the practice of painting their faces. Beauty patches were immensely popular. Even in Colonial America, belles had their cheeks decorated with elaborate silk patches cut to resemble a coach-and-four, or a ship in full sail. Patches and paints to the Puritans were nothing more than instruments of the devil, and there were instances, both in America and abroad, of women being condemned to die as witches because, in addition to some slight oddity of manner, they wore cosmetics.

Cosmetics in France had their ups and downs. The great courtesans—Madame de Maintenon, Madame de Montespan, Madame de Pompadour, Ninon de Lenclos, and Louise de la Valliere—all used powder, rouge, perfume, eye-shadow, and eye-brow pencils with skill enough to seduce kings. When Louis XIII approved of cosmetics, everyone painted and powdered with a lavish hand. When his successor, Louis XVI, expressed dislike for the embellishment of court ladies, the custom reluctantly fell into disuse. During the time of Anne of Austria, cosmetics again were popular. Anne used all the kinds to be had in France, and imported creams of vanilla, cacao, and almond paste from Spain. Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette both approved of paint, and their court became one of the most highly decorated of any in history. Hair dress at this time went to extremes. Structures three feet high reposed on top of the head. Miniatures of castles, ships, and cupids; and artificial flowers, vegetables, and insects, as well as stuffed birds, all found room on this awful crown-of-glory. Coaches, because of these high coiffures had to be remodeled so that ladies might ride in them. However, with the dropping of the guillotine's knife, fell these atrocious customs of cosmetics and hair dressing.

With the coming of Napoleon, cosmetics took on a more reasonable mien, for Josephine, in bringing from Martinique many cosmetics for her own use, started the manufacture of beauty aids in France.

Certain folks in 18th-century England grew so alarmed over the violent use of these "female fripperies" that in 1770 a bill was introduced into Parliament to remedy the dreadful condition. The bill read:



"If any women, of whatever age, degree, rank, or profession, shall impose upon, seduce, or betray in marriage any of His Majesty's subjects by the use of scents, paints, cosmetic washes, artificial teeth, false hair, Spanish wool, iron stays, hoops, high-heeled shoes, or bolstered hips, she shall pay the penalty of law in force against witchcraft and like misdemeanors, and the marriage, upon conviction, shall stand null and void."

(This same law was enforced in Pennsylvania in the year 1770.)

When Victoria came to the throne, there was no more painting of faces. Cosmetics were for hussies, not for decent women. Because only peasants were sunburned, ladies, to protect themselves from the evils of sunshine, wore masks and heavy veils through which no direct ray of sunlight might penetrate. Freckles were a sign of a hoyden; with bleaches and lamentations they were diligently scrubbed by afflicted ladies.

While Victorian England was in the throes of prudery, France was still manufacturing cosmetics, and eccentric beauties were bathing luxuriantly in crushed strawberries or raspberries. Rural America, at the same time, was secretly resorting to the best substitutes available for the outlawed cosmetics. Raw beet juice was used on the lips; rose petals were rubbed on the cheeks; May dew was gathered for use on a sallow skin. To induce rosy cheeks grandmothers recommended to wilful young girls the leaves of mullein. When the splintery hairs of the mullein leaf pierced the tender cheeks and brought a decidedly uncomfortable redness, the old dames replied this was the penalty for wanting to improve on one's God-given complexion. During this suppressed era, powdered chalk was privately applied to shiny noses, flour bins were occasionally robbed of a morsel of whiteness, the burnt matches were surreptiously rubbed on too-pallid eyebrows.

The kinds of cosmetics used by women today are little changed since Cleopatra sat before a bronze mirror and painted her face. Perhaps the only great change is seen in the increasingly safe ingredients used in modern cosmetics. The Consumers' Research Bureau has helped to put most cosmetics on a hygienically safe basis, so that they are far removed from dangerous concoctions used even as recently as the last century.

Today there is a subtlety in the application of cosmetics; today there is a realization of the value of sunshine; today there is available a diet of fresh foods—all these have provided a natural background for feminine beauty. Fresh air, both indoors and out, is now recognized as an immeasurable benefit to beauty.

Through the medium of newspaper and magazine advertising, the American woman has become beauty conscious while the low price of essential cosmetics makes it possible for her to have the beauty aids of Cleopatra and Elizabeth at small cost.

The trend in beauty in the last few years has been toward increased naturalness. Because of this tendency, the women of the future probably will grow even more skilled in the application of cosmetics, which may never again be outlawed by society. Instead, cosmetics will become the glorified aids to a physical beauty which the ancients, in their long ages of struggle for loveliness, were never able to attain.

A WASHING MACHINE WITHOUT A SOAP THAT GIVES RICH SUDS IS LIKE AN AUTOMOBILE WITHOUT GOOD GASOLINE. YOU JUST CAN'T GET RESULTS
HOW WELL I KNOW THAT!
TRY THE NEW RINSO. CUP FOR CUP, IT GIVES OVER 25% MORE SUDS THAN THE OLD. IT'S A MODERN SOAP... FOR MODERN WASHERS
NOW THAT YOU MENTION IT, I DO RECALL READING THAT THE MAKERS OF 33 LEADING WASHERS RECOMMEND RINSO. I'LL TRY IT
NEXT WASHDAY
MY WASHER PROBLEM IS SOLVED AT LAST! THE NEW RINSO GIVES THE RICHEST SUDS I EVER SAW. AND THEY GET CLOTHES AT LEAST 5 SHADES WHITER THAN ORDINARY SOAPS COULD
Rinso
THE NEW RINSO KEEPS COLORS LOOKING BRIGHT AS NEW. AND YOU CAN'T BEAT ITS LIVELY, LONGER-LASTING SUDS FOR DISHES. GREASE GOES IN A JIFFY. HANDS STAY SMOOTH, WHITE AND LOVELY

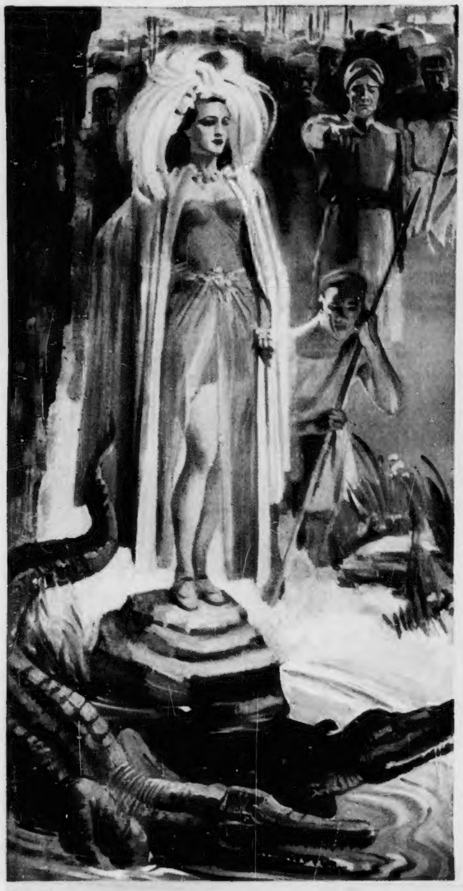
MILLIONS of women who do not own washing machines depend on the New Rinso to *soak* their clothes whiter and brighter. They just put their clothes to soak in Rinso's richer, longer-lasting suds...gently rub a few stubborn spots with their fingers... then rinse...and the clothes are ready for the line! White clothes come at least 5 shades whiter than ordinary soaps could get them. Colors come out brighter. And clothes washed this safer "no-scrub" way last 2 or 3 times longer.

Rinso is marvelous for dishwashing and all cleaning. As a point of kitchen hygiene, many women soak their dish cloths, mops and dish towels for a few minutes in Rinso, rinse, and hang them up to dry.

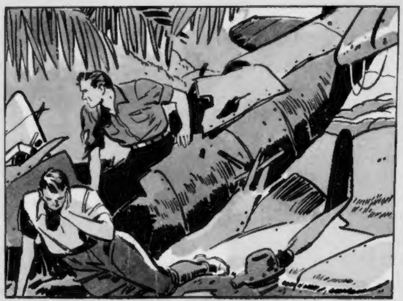
YOU'LL LIKE THE NEW HANDY OPENING
Rinso

Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute

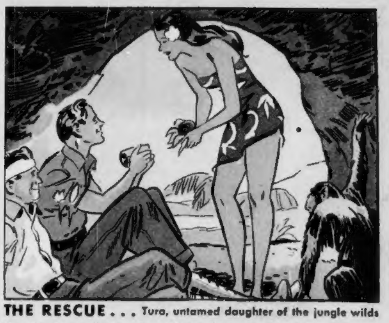
TUNE IN ON RINSO'S "BIG TOWN"—featuring Edward G. Robinson with Claire Trevor. Every Tuesday Evening over Columbia Network



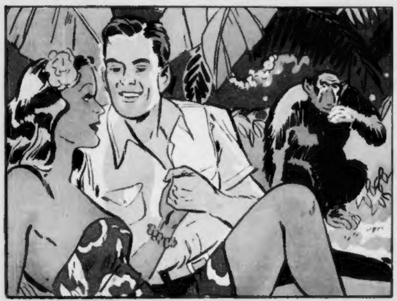
MYSTERIOUS WHITE GODDESS OF THE JUNGLE AND FAMOUS ENGLISH AVIATOR IN MOST AMAZING LOVE ADVENTURE EVER TOLD!



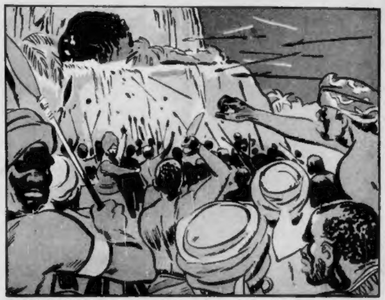
THE CRASH . . . Pilot Bob Mitchell (Ray Milland) and co-pilot (Lynne Overman), crack up in the heart of the Malayan Jungle.



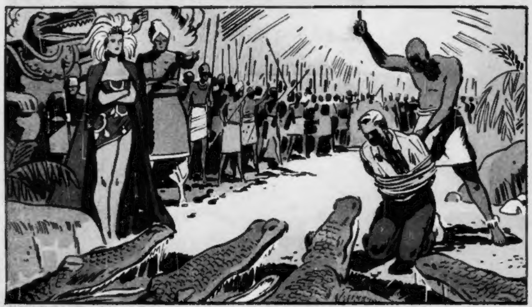
THE RESCUE . . . Tura, untamed daughter of the jungle wilds (Dorothy Lamour), gives the aviators shelter, heals their wounds.



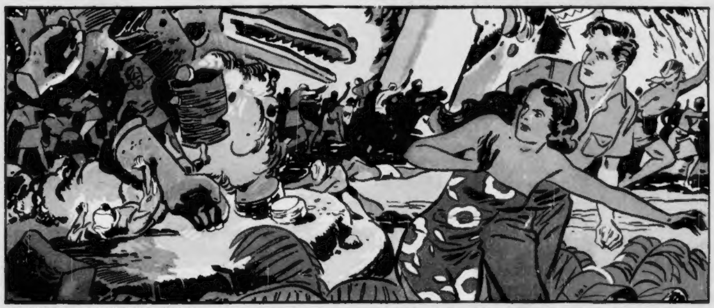
JUNGLE LOVE . . . Tura and Bob find acquaintance turning to romance as day follows day beneath the lazy tropical sky.



JUNGLE HATE . . . Kuasa, feared ruler of the jungle tribes, hearing a white man has invaded his realm, attacks Tura's island home.



JUNGLE JUSTICE . . . While Tura, in her role of voodoo priestess, stands stony-eyed upon the altar of the Crocodile Gods, Kuasa sentences Bob to death in the hideous crocodile pit.



JUNGLE EARTHQUAKE . . . The Gods of the Jungle sound their mighty tocsin—the earth crumbles. Are the Gods on the side of these two young lovers or do they obey the will of Kuasa and send them to the awful end this madman wills?

A THOUSAND THRILLS ...GLORIOUS ROMANCE

The first Jungle Picture ever filmed completely in Technicolor.

HEAR golden voiced Dorothy Lamour sing "Lovelight in the Starlight" and "Coffee and Kisses."

ADOLPH ZUKOR PRESENTS

Dorothy Lamour · Ray Milland

in

"HER JUNGLE LOVE"

with

LYNNE OVERMAN · DOROTHY HOWE · J. CARROL NAISH

DIRECTED BY GEORGE ARCHAINBAUD · IN TECHNICOLOR

Screen Play by Joseph Moncure March, Lillie Hayward and Eddie Welch · Based on a Story by Gerald Geraghty and Kurt Siodmak

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

Now Playing at the METROPOLITAN THEATRE